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By and for men in the service

GI Atom Detail at Oak Ridge

PAGES 2-5

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YANK's Sgt. Dick Hanley, who took the pictures of Oak Ridge that are printed on these pages, here catches GI and civilian workers as they quit work together at day's end and head home.

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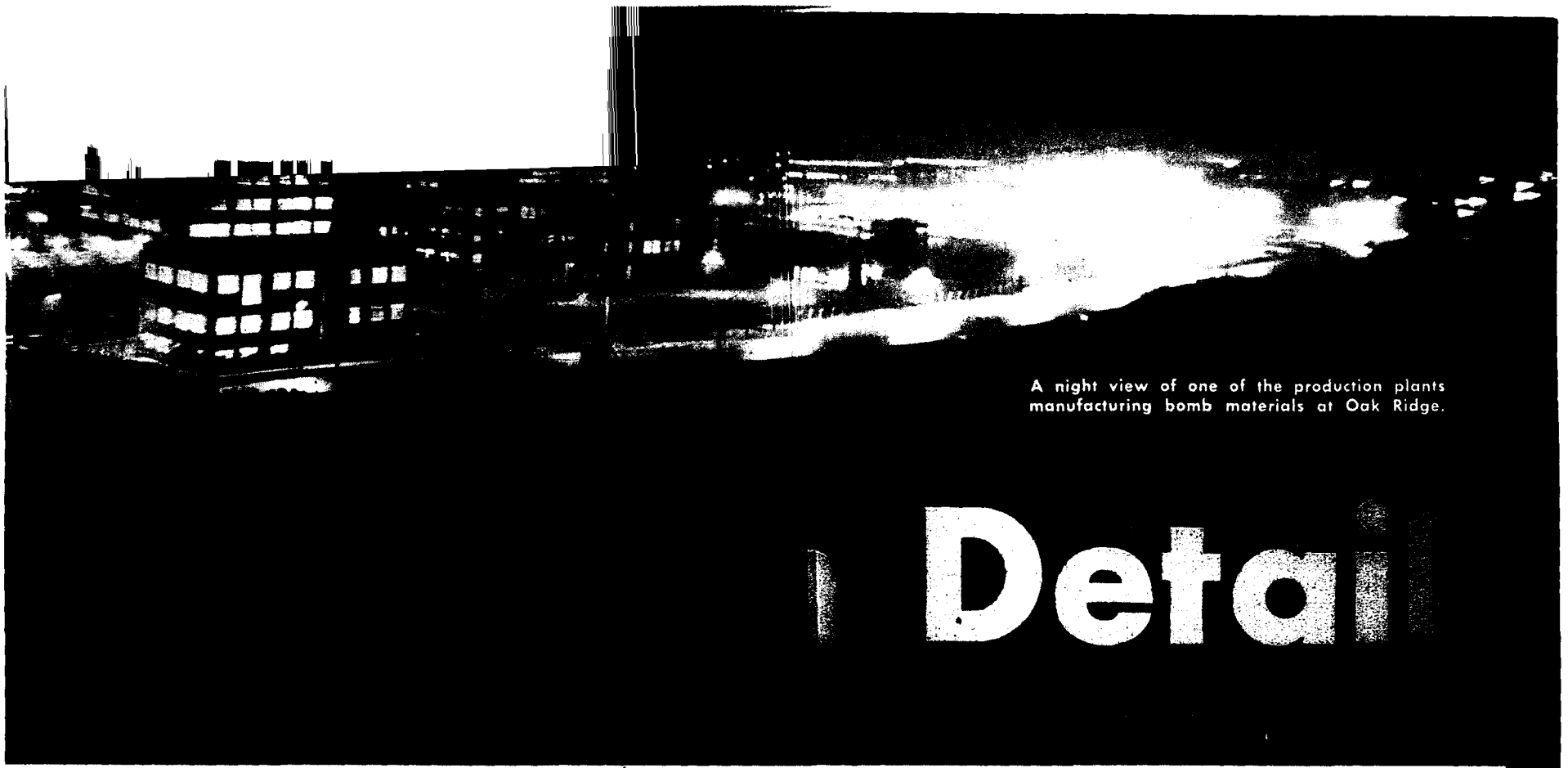


A night view of one of the production plants manufacturing bomb materials at Oak Ridge.

Detail

THE ATMOSPHERE AT OAK RIDGE WAS AS HEAVY WITH MYSTERY AS A DIME DETECTIVE NOVEL, AND UP TO THE BOMBING OF HIROSHIMA FEW GIs WORKING THERE KNEW THE PURPOSE OF THEIR SECRET JOB.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

OAK RIDGE, TENN.—Up to now, every time S/Sgt. Ed Fritz has gone home to Superior, Wis., on furlough he has had trouble. Usually, it would begin when he stopped at a local tavern for a short beer.

Inevitably, either the bartender or one of Fritz's old friends would ask, "Where you stationed, Ed?"

"Tennessee," Fritz would answer evasively, hoping to end the matter right there.

"Where in Tennessee?"

"Oak Ridge," Fritz would say.

"Never heard of it. What is it—an airfield?"

"No."

"Well," the other party would continue, a little irritated by now, "what the hell is it then?"

"I can't tell you," Ed would reply uncomfortably.

"Oh, a big shot," the former friend would retort. "I don't even think there is a place in Tennessee called Oak Ridge.'

Fritz would gulp his beer and hurry home. But even there he ran into trouble, because his father and his mother would say, "Surely, you can tell your own parents what you're doing." And his girl friend, who is a graduate chemistry student at the University of Illinois, was annoyed because, as she put it in a letter, "You never write about what you're doing with all your time these days."

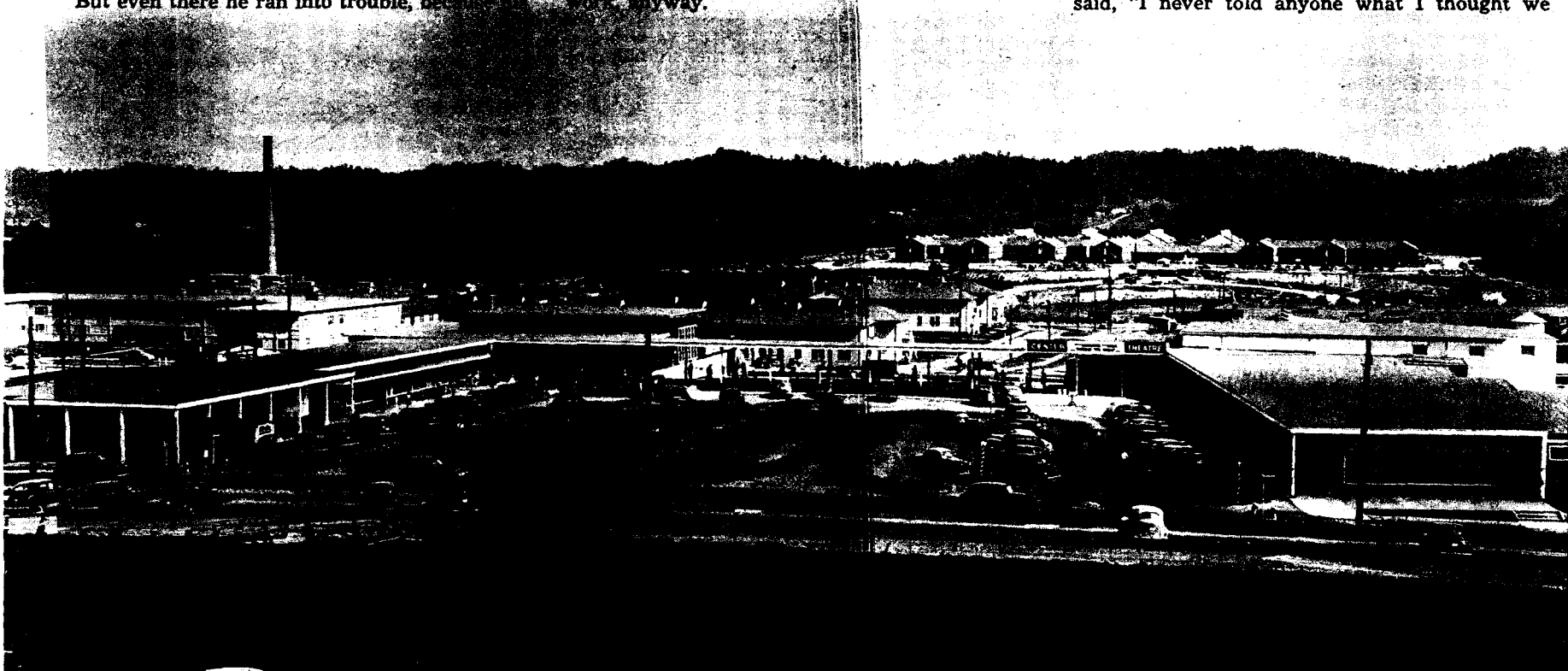
Fritz couldn't answer anyone's questions. He was working on the most closely guarded secret in military history, and even when talking together about what was afoot at Oak Ridge, Fritz and his fellow GIs down here would speak of the "campaign buttons" or the perpetual-motion machine they were making or of the new kind of chicken they were producing for armies of occupation.

At least once a week a commissioned officer, occasionally a colonel from Washington, would issue a stern warning to as many of the EM here as could be assembled at one time. The warning seldom varied. "You men are soldiers," the officer would say. "You may think you're geniuses. You may have a high IQ, and you may all be college graduates, but as far as the Army is concerned, you're not paid to think—not after you finish work, anyway.

"If anybody, soldier or civilian, asks any questions—even the time of day—your answer is three simple words, 'I don't know.' Anybody here who can't learn those three words will be subject to an immediate court-martial. Understand?"

Until recently, as a matter of fact, a majority of the EM at Oak Ridge weren't exactly sure what they *were* working on. A few, like Pfc. Joe Stein, who became an American citizen not long ago, were fairly certain that they knew. Stein, who was born in Antwerp and who left Europe on the last trip the *Ile de France* made to the U. S. before the war, had been a science student in Switzerland. Not long before taking off for the U. S. he had a talk with a German scientist whose name he still won't mention. Up until the time the German scientist, a Jew, had been unceremoniously kicked out of his Berlin laboratory by the Nazis, he had been experimenting on a new atom-splitting process. So Stein had some inkling of what was up in the field of atomic research. But he thinks it was mere chance that he was sent to Oak Ridge after reaching the U. S. and getting drafted.

"Until after the first bomb was dropped," he said, "I never told anyone what I thought we



Jackson Square is Oak Ridge's main business and shopping center. The town also has several movie houses for its 75,000 citizens.

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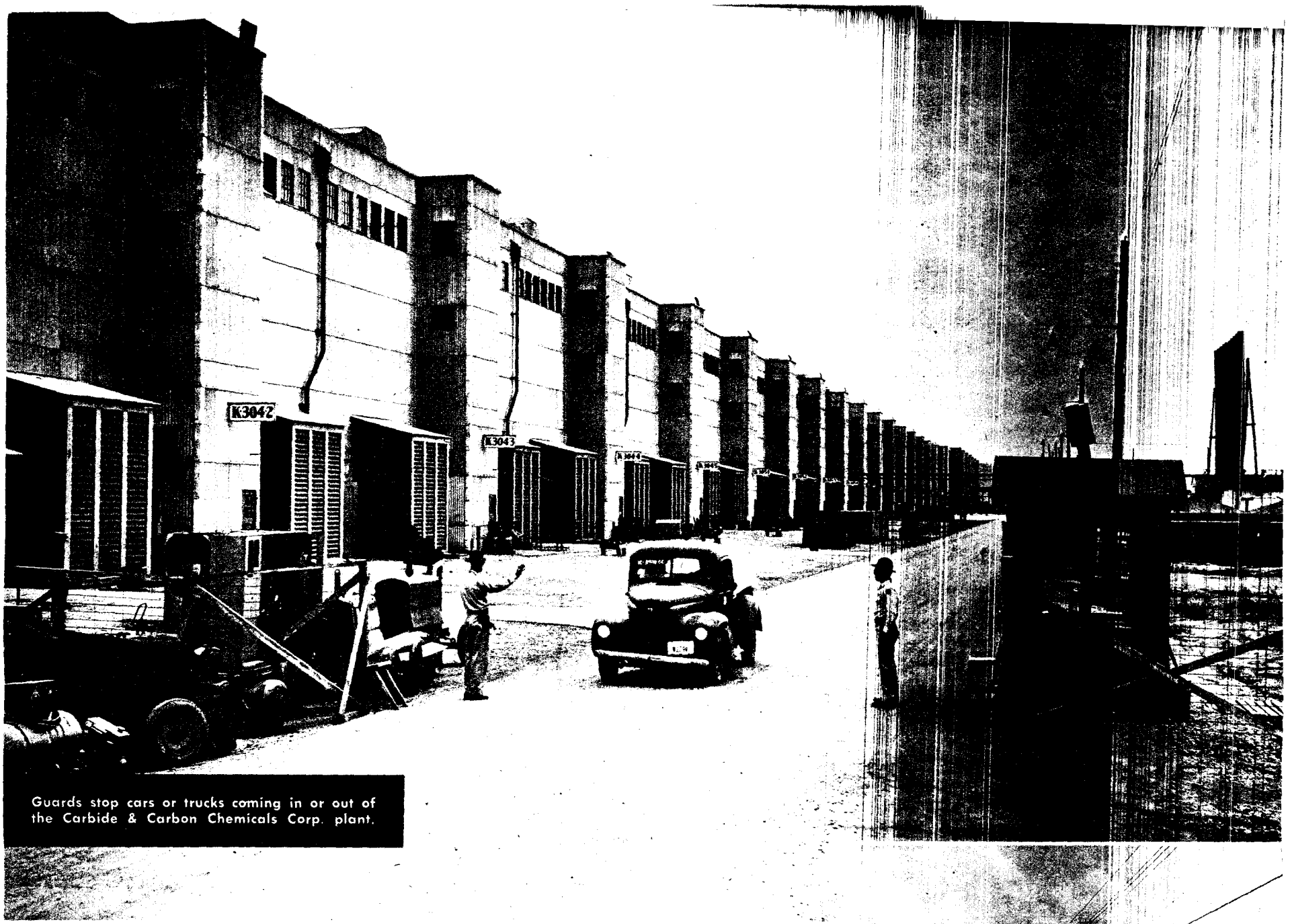

Guards stop cars or trucks coming in or out of the Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Corp. plant.

were doing—or that I was afraid the Nazis or maybe the Japs would beat us to it.

"My uncle in New York City used to ask me what I was doing in the Army, and I told him that I was in the Engineers, which was true, and that we were building portable GI latrines.

"I don't think he believed me."

Since Aug. 7, however, the day the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, the friends and families of Fritz and Stein have known that Oak Ridge, Tenn., a mushroom town with a population of around 78,000, is the place where much of the research on the atomic bomb has been done. And for the first time the 1,200 enlisted scientists who are members of the Special Engineering Detachment here can use words like "uranium," "heavy water" and "isotopes" in public.

Even with the end of the war, however, talk about how the atomic bomb is actually produced is strictly forbidden and will probably remain forbidden for a long, long time to come.

The EM in the Special Engineering Detachment are a carefully selected group—whatever Stein may think—and all of them are what the MPs around here call the "brainy type." Occasionally, a wag will nail a sign to one of the barracks saying, "Geniuses sleep here," or, "Every man an Albert Einstein." The average score in the soldier-scientists' Army General Classification Test is 132; a number of the men have scores of 150 and above; very few scored below 120. The men in the SED are physicists, chemists and engineers, most of them recent college graduates. Their average age is just 23.

In a typical barracks recently a dog-eared copy of Plato's "Republic" was lying face up on one of the unmade bunks. Among the volumes piled in gloriously un-GI confusion on a locker were "Calculus for the Practical Man," "Applied Nuclear Physics" and "The Handbook on Radiotron."

The only magazine visible was a publication called *Chemical and Engineering News*. All it contained by way of pictures were a few highly technical illustrations. The record player in the corner was surrounded by albums of Tschaikovsky, some Grieg and quite a lot of Johann Sebastian Bach. Long-hair, see.

For a time there had been nine Ph.D.s in that particular barracks and six Masters of Arts. Naturally, everyone of the 48 enlisted men billeted there had earned at least a Bachelor of Arts or of Science degree.

Like everybody else in the Army, the GI scientists—Ph.D.s or not—have their troubles. They have special trouble, they feel, with the SED T/O, though the number of high-ranking non-coms is considerably larger than in an ordinary outfit. Promotions are recommended by the civilians, usually also scientists, under whom most of the EM work.

"Now, where I am," explained a man who had been a pfc for 18 months, "there's a Yale professor in charge. So, naturally, all the Yale men get the ratings. If you just went through New Haven on the train once, he makes you at least a buck sergeant." The embittered pfc was a graduate of Princeton.

In general, however, the GI scientists agree that being stationed at Oak Ridge has been a good deal—as Army deals go. There is no reveille, because the men work on a three-shift basis—0800 to 1600, 1600 to 2400, 0001 to 0800—alternating shifts every seven days.

There is no KP at Oak Ridge because there is no Army mess. The EM are paid a rations allowance of $2.25 a day and may eat at any of the nine restaurants, five cafeterias and three lunchrooms in Oak Ridge.

Also in Oak Ridge are several thousand young women from all over the U. S., most of them single and many of them lonely. More than 30 of the GI scientists have been married to Oak Ridge women-workers since being assigned here.

Aside from the advantages represented by no KP and plenty of girls, every member of the SED was assured a Stateside assignment as long

[illegible] trailers like [illegible] barracks.

[illegible] chapel [illegible] services.

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as the fighting was on. The men possess such important secret information that the War Department could not allow any of them to risk capture by the enemy.

Some of the men, like M/Sgt. James Park of Lexington, N. C., live with their wives in houses, apartments or trailers. At Oak Ridge there are 10,000 houses and apartments, 5,000 trailers.

Park, who was graduated from the University of North Carolina in March 1943, after majoring in chemistry, met his wife, Lois, at the plant here in which they both work. Lois gets a considerably larger pay check each month than her husband.

The pay differences between civilians and soldier-scientists who may be doing exactly the same job in exactly the same place are conspicuous. A T-5, for example, may be a foreman and have 20 to 30 civilians working under him, all of them getting paid from three to four times as much as he.

And then there are men like Pvt. Milton Levenson of Northfield, Minn., who once worked on the atomic-bomb project as a civilian and drew $350 a month. Now he is back in the same department with the same people working over and under him. But his salary these days is $50 a month.

Despite these differences, relations between soldiers and civilians here have been fine—"mostly, I guess," explained T-3 Don Mark of St. Paul, Minn., "because we know we're just about the luckiest guys in the Army."

T-3 Mark was in the 55th Combat Engineers, attached to the 10th Armored Division, and was at Camp Gordon, Ga., preparing for shipment overseas when he was ordered to Georgia State Teachers' College to become an algebra instructor for an ASF unit. He was slated for shipment overseas a second time when he was transferred to Oak Ridge in March 1944.

"The experience I'm getting I couldn't buy for a million dollars," Mark pointed out. "I've worked with some of the biggest brains in science, and I'm learning about something that's still going to be a hell of a thing a hundred years from now. As I said, I'm one of the luckiest guys in the Army."

Another reason for the relatively good soldier-civilian relations here is that several hundred of the nearly 78,000 civilians are discharged veterans of the recently ended war. Among them are men like Ruby Owens of Booneville, Miss., a former sailor who lost a leg in December 1943, when a Jap Betty strafed his destroyer off New Britain. Owens is a traffic checker at a gate leading into one of the closely guarded buildings in which work at Oak Ridge still goes on. He and his recently acquired wife, another Oak Ridge employee, live in one of the temporary hutments put up in the past two years and pay $25-a-month rent for three rooms and a bath.

Robert Roy of nearby Maryville, Tenn., is a member of one of the half-dozen always alerted fire departments in the production area. Roy is a discharged veteran of the First Division. He was wounded in the first wave of the D-Day landing in Normandy in 1944 and was wounded again when his outfit was breaking through the Siegfried Line into Germany. At the time of his release from the Army last July, Roy had 136 points; a week after getting out he came to work in Oak Ridge at three times what he had been making before the war.

In general, recreational facilities at Oak Ridge are about like those in a town of similar size anywhere in the States. There are two big exceptions, however. Oak Ridge has only one night club, which is generally crowded to the doors, and there is a ban against the sale of hard liquor. In Oak Ridge beer is the only alcoholic beverage you can get.

There are several movie houses, a swimming pool and a skating rink, and the low, rolling hills of Tennessee are pleasant for evening walks—either with a civilian girl friend or with one of the handful of Wacs stationed here. But like most GIs everywhere, the men assigned to Oak Ridge spend the better part of their time off sitting in the Post Exchange drinking 3.2 beer and discussing the subjects that are always discussed by soldiers over 3.2 beer.

Once in a while, now that the world knows what the atomic bomb can do, the conversation turns to the problems raised by the release of the atom's energy. One man, a disillusioned T-5, thinks that anyone who knows anything at all about atomic energy, including himself, ought to be placed on an obscure, out-of-the-way Pacific island and left there—"to keep us out of mischief."

"This splitting-the-atom business," the T-5 said, "is about like giving a two-year-old baby a ton of TNT and a match and telling him to have a good time. The world isn't ready for this thing yet."

Other men are scarcely less troubled. "They say in the newspapers that we'll be running our cars and heating our houses with atomic energy before very long," commented Pvt. Joe Silverman of Brooklyn, who was a civilian researcher for the project at Columbia University before he was drafted a short time ago and sent down here to become a GI scientist.

"It looks to me as if it's going to be 30 years or more before we learn how to harness atomic energy for peace. You never can tell. I suppose we might blow each other off the face of the earth before then.

"Obviously, a lot of people better start doing a lot of thinking about just what's been let loose down here. Otherwise, we ought to let the ants take over the earth. Scientists can't do much—by themselves, anyway—to prevent wars. Science can only warn people that the next one will certainly be the last one."

Right now, most of the GI scientists here are sweating out the possibility of shipment overseas for occupational duty, but unofficially, at any rate, the consensus is that the work at Oak Ridge will go on for a long time yet.

Not one of the men here has any hope of getting out of the Army for quite a while. The average number of points of the 1,200 EM at Oak Ridge is 29.

T-3 Edward [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

By ROBERT SCHWARTZ Y2c
and Sgt. KNOX BURGER
YANK Staff Correspondents

A SUMMER RESORT NEAR TOKYO—Shortly after the U. S. occupation of Japan, we came here to see Saburo Kurusu, who on Dec. 7, 1941, became one of the most hated men in America.

Kurusu presented us with one of the first—and slickest—apologias of the men who may stand trial as Japan's war criminals. But some of his statements would have brought a snicker even to the poker face of a Jap.

Americans first knew this tricky little diplomat as the dove of peace who flew from Japan to Washington in the autumn of 1941 and ostensibly engaged in attempting to reach a friendly settlement of differences with the U. S. State Department even as Jap bombers were taking off from carriers to bomb Pearl Harbor. He was one of the men who, an hour or so after the American fleet was caught with its anchors down, presented Secretary of State Hull with a document announcing Japan's formal diplomatic break-off with the United States.

Mr. Hull looked at the message and said: "In all my 50 years of public service I have never seen a document that was more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions—falsehoods and distortions on a scale so huge I never imagined until today that any government on this planet was capable of uttering them."

Kurusu was returned to Japan in exchange for U.S. diplomats caught in Tokyo at the outbreak of the war. Newspapers in his homeland quoted him widely and at length on the subject of American war guilt.

When we arrived at his nondescript frame house outside Tokyo, we found a couple of chesty Plymouth Rocks pecking away on his lawn. In the distance behind the two-story house, which lies in the midst of a grove of tall evergreens, rose Mt. Asama, its side smooth and rounded with volcanic ash.

Kurusu's daughter greeted us as we walked through the gate. She was buxom and perhaps 18 years old. She didn't seem to resemble either her Jap father or her American mother. She asked us into the living room and told us her father would be down shortly.

The living room was in marked contrast to the undistinguished exterior of the house. We knew that the house was normally used by Kurusu only during the summer months, but when his Tokyo house was bombed out he was obliged to move into this one permanently.

There were two bookcases filled with English-language books, including "Gone With the Wind," a biography of Napoleon and a number of popular analyses of Fascism. Standing atop a small cabinet were two silver-framed pictures of a tall, sensitive-looking Eurasian in his twenties. In one picture his head was close-shaven and he wore the uniform of the Jap Air Corps. In the other he had a luxuriant growth of hair and wore a blue suit. This was Kurusu's only son, who had been killed in action. Lying between the two pictures, as if enshrined, were the hat and the saber of a Japanese officer.

On a little table stood a photograph of Mrs. Kurusu, who is from Chicago. In the picture Mrs. Kurusu, who is several inches taller than her husband, looked like a member of an American women's club.

While we were looking at a glass cabinet filled with typical curios and gimmicks—tiny Teddy bears, penguins and little Jap dolls—Kurusu came into the room. He looked more like a Rotarian than a Jap diplomat, and not so tough as in the photo-flash pictures of the small Jap man hurriedly leaving the U. S. State Department on that December afternoon four years ago.

We introduced ourselves, and Kurusu asked us to sit down. He sat in a chair facing us. He wore a double-breasted brown suit, brown shoes, brown socks and a brown tie, with only a white shirt breaking the solid color scheme. Somehow his thick glasses made him look rather Occidental, and only later, when he took off his glasses for a few minutes, did we realize how narrow his eyes were and how completely Oriental and impassive was his face.

The gentleman from Japan who was in Washington when his emperor's planes struck Pearl Harbor is still overflowing with sweetness and light.

We asked him first if he would discuss the circumstances under which he had been sent as special envoy after Ambassador Nomura's months-long discussions with Hull seemed to be bogging down.

"I was called very suddenly for the mission," he said. According to him, only 48 hours elapsed between a telephone call at 2 A.M. on a Sunday morning and his departure by air for the U. S. Actually, however, the story began much before that, on a pleasant afternoon when Togo, Foreign Minister at the time of Pearl Harbor (not to be confused with Tojo, Prime Minister), and Kurusu were talking at this resort where both had homes.

"I remember Togo and I were talking about the vital necessity for keeping peace between America and Japan, and when we were through, I remember distinctly, quite jokingly [ED. NOTE: Some joke!], Togo said: 'If I ever become Minister of Foreign Affairs I will send you to America because of your obvious desire to avert war.'

"I thought no more of it and didn't think of it when, several months later, Togo became Foreign Minister and went down to Tokyo while I stayed here. But then came the phone call at 2 A.M., with Togo on the other end of the wire with a mission to America."

We asked Kurusu to give us his view of the main issues between Japan and America at the time he was sent to Washington. He listed the following three problems: One—The withdrawal of Japanese troops from China; Two—Japan's pact with Germany and Italy, who were then overrunning Europe; Three—The Open-Door Policy in China. To illustrate the complexity of the problems and show us what he said was the Japanese point of view, Kurusu discussed at some length the last point. He claimed that Japan had no objection to the Open-Door Policy but thought it should apply not only to China but to the whole world. He insisted on repeating the old story—that Japan, because of high tariffs, was denied markets in many places and that it was unfair to say to Japan, "The whole world wants markets in China, but meanwhile certain other markets will remain closed to you." His explanation left considerable unsaid about such details of Japanese Open-Door Policy as the Manchurian Campaign and the Rape of Nanking.

Kurusu continued that he wasn't anxious to undertake the mission, inasmuch as he was out of touch with foreign affairs. He had virtually retired to his summer home, and in addition he had eye trouble which, he said, kept him from being fully informed on the foreign situation.

"My wife read the newspapers to me," he said, indicating his inability to cope with anything so lengthy and detailed as the Foreign-Office reports on the Nomura-Hull conversations. But when he considered the age of the other Jap diplomats

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KURUSU SO SORRY

qualified to undertake the mission, he said, and realized that asking them to go on so sudden and arduous a trip halfway around the world was impossible, he agreed to go.

It was a busy two days. Leaving his family to pack, Kurusu dashed down to Tokyo where, after talking the Foreign Ministry into sending a man named Yuki along to bring him up to date on the status of the Nomura-Hull conversations, he went to see Joseph Grew, the American Ambassador to Japan. Grew asked Kurusu if he had a tangible plan to solve the differences between the two countries.

"If you do," said the American, "it should go by cable and should not be delayed by so much as an airplane trip."

Kurusu explained to him that he had no particular instructions or definite proposals, but that his Government felt that the discussions between Hull and Nomura had reached a standstill, and that a fresh viewpoint and a new approach might be extremely valuable.

Kurusu hoped that through Grew he could get passage on a commercial American airline plane from Hong Kong to the U. S. Seats on such planes were usually booked a long time in advance. The transportation problem was also complicated by "that poor Mr. Yuki, who had only the clothes on his back and always carrying that briefcase; he wanted to go with me as far as possible to inform me of the Foreign-Office discussions to date." Ambassador Grew finally managed to promote accommodations.

Before he left Japan, Kurusu had an appointment with Prime Minister Tojo, whom he said he had never before met. "I was rather surprised at his attitude," said Kurusu. "He was a good deal more optimistic than I was." Kurusu went on to say that he felt the situation was "precarious; highly charged with danger," but the Prime Minister thought the situation was far from hopeless. Kurusu, at this point, did not commit himself one way or the other about whether Tojo mentioned the possibility of the Pearl Harbor attack. We questioned him more definitely on this point later on.

Kurusu, his son and Yuki crammed into a Jap bomber and flew to Formosa, from which island Kurusu went on alone to Macao, a Portuguese possession which Kurusu described as being "the Monaco of the Far East." Because there was no other transportation, he took the 3 A.M. night boat which carries the gamblers back to Hong Kong from the gambling tables at Macao. From Hong Kong he flew to Manila, where he spent part of his layover with "my old friend, Manuel Quezon," the late President of the Philippines.

At every point he touched, Kurusu said, he felt a great explosive tension as Japan and America waited tensely on their neighboring island bases.

FROM Manila Kurusu flew to Hawaii. "As a diplomat who had been in Europe during both wars, I could feel that the atmosphere was very, very heavy," said Kurusu. As he spoke to us, he clasped his hands together so tightly that the knuckles on his fingers showed white. "If someone had lit a match, the whole thing would have exploded."

As soon as he arrived in Washington, Kurusu had an audience with President Roosevelt. As Kurusu tells the story, the first thing he said to the President was, "Mr. President, I don't know anything about military affairs, but even a layman could feel the tension, the charged atmosphere in the Pacific as I flew across."

The President replied, "You're right," according to the Kurusu report, and then made a broad outward gesture with both hands. "And what for?" This routine response impressed the Jap.

"I'll never forget that 'what for?'" said Kurusu. "Your President had an amazing ability at grasping a point. He could see situations very clearly. He felt instinctively that something must be done." This initial kindred feeling of the President's eased Kurusu's anxiety a great deal, he said. "All the way across the Pacific I felt that I must emphasize the danger of war to your President—but I feared that in so doing he might think I was threatening him," Kurusu told us.

The discussions between Hull and Nomura and Kurusu continued until Nov. 26, at which time Mr. Hull handed Kurusu an emphatic restatement of the American position, which Kurusu called "a virtual ultimatum."

The Hull memorandum, not ultimatum, stressed 10 points on which, the U.S. felt, lay the future of peace in the Pacific. These included settlement of the Chinese war and a halt to Japanese military aggression. After he read the memorandum, Kurusu said, "Mr. Secretary, if I send this to Japan it will precipitate a very dangerous situation. I am unhappy to receive it."

Then Kurusu skipped in his story to Dec. 7. Between 1 and 2 A.M. of that day, coded messages began to arrive at the Japanese Embassy. Possibly because of faulty cable transmission, Kurusu said, the messages arrived in erratic order and many of the code words were run together or misspelled. Messenger boys kept coming to the embassy all night, and Kurusu said he kept sending them back with urgent cables to Japan asking for clarification of the garbled words. The messages were parts of the final and lengthy announcement of the cessation of diplomatic relations by the Japanese Government. It couldn't be presented to our State Department, declared Kurusu, until it was completely decoded and assembled. Kurusu described that night and the following morning as being the most hectic hours of his life, with Adm. Nomura "calling down the cable-room staff."

The message was not finally and completely transcribed until 2 p.m., said Kurusu, and he and Nomura rushed it to Mr. Hull at the State Department. It was, as you'll recall, Sunday, and the State Department halls were deserted. But Hull was in his office. He had just received news of the bombing of Pearl Harbor when Kurusu and Nomura burst in with the announcement.

Neither he nor Nomura had any knowledge whatsoever of the Jap attack at this point, according to Kurusu. Normally they would have learned the news from a large group of reporters stationed at the State Department, but reporters, like a lot of other people, took the day off.

Hull glanced at the document and turned to Kurusu and Nomura, shaking with rage. It was then that Hull made his remark about "infamous falsehoods and distortions."

We asked Kurusu some more questions, after his Pearl Harbor roundup had concluded, in order to cast a little more light on some specific points. These questions and his answers follow.

"Did you or Adm. Nomura know that an attack on America was planned at the time you delivered the document breaking off relations?"

"I give you my word of honor that he and I knew nothing about it," Kurusu insisted. "The hardest blow of my life was the accusation that I had been treacherous to your people. I think President Roosevelt and Mr. Hull knew that."

"What was your reaction to Pearl Harbor?"

"I was really shocked, and so was Nomura."

"You stated earlier that Tojo, whom you met for the first time just before coming to America, was optimistic about chances for peace. Is it possible, however, that Tojo knew of the existence of a war plan against America at the time he sent you?"

Kurusu replied in effect that he thought Prime Minister Tojo was fully aware of the responsibility of undertaking a war. He claimed that if Tojo knew of the existence of a war plan it was only in the sense that all governments have on file various plans for attacking a potential enemy. We asked again directly if there was a possibility that Tojo knew of the projected attack on Pearl Harbor and sent Kurusu anyway. Kurusu again insisted that he thought Tojo was a responsible man and said he doubted very much if he would have sent him under such circumstances.

After the questions Kurusu began a hopeful and general discussion of war guilt. He would like us to believe in the futility of trying to blame individuals for the war. "As a historian," he said, "I can't feel that war criminals are responsible for anything but the local and inevitable situation."

LIKE many other German and Japanese public figures whose own positions in relation to guilt are not entirely unassailable, Kurusu was happy in discussing vast, general and impersonal causes of war. He felt the most important of such causes to be economic.

He talked of his own days in Europe during the early stages of the war there. He was stationed in Belgium and in Germany, where he signed the Three Power Pact with Germany and Italy for Japan. He said that he was forced to sign the pact and that he tried to resign after signing it, but that his resignation was not accepted. He topped off his European discussion with one of the strangest and most palsy-walsy glimpses of Hitler ever brought to light.

"You Americans thought of Hitler as strong and violent," the little Jap said, "but when I talked with him he sat like this all the time."

Mr. Kurusu put the palms of his hands together and placed them between his legs, assuming the look of a small contrite boy looking up at an elder beseechingly.

"His eyes were the strangest things about him," he continued. "They glittered and shifted. They were the eyes of an artist or a poet and you felt there was something of genius in the man."

When we asked Kurusu, in closing, if he planned to return to diplomatic service, he said, "If my holding a position of responsibility were to throw suspicion on Japan I wouldn't take it. I hope the day will come when I will be able to better the relationships between our two countries."

Although Kurusu's recital of his mission was remarkably glib, the general opinion in Japan varies as to its accuracy. Within 12 hours after we left his house we had accumulated several dozen unsolicited reports on Kurusu's mission and Kurusu himself. Most of them were unfavorable, and the frequent statement, later proved to be true, was that Kurusu's anti-American speeches were among the bitterest heard in Japan during the war. Other statements dealing with Kurusu himself were of the widest range. "I've known the family for years," said one Japanese, "and I can tell you that he definitely knew of the attack, but went anyway with the belief that there was still hope of averting war."

Another Japanese said: "Of course he did not know. Tojo knew but he didn't tell Kurusu."

A neutral European diplomat who had been in Japan throughout the entire war seemed to express still another opinion. "Kurusu did not know of the attack," he said, "but Kurusu's what you Americans call a sly or foxy man. It's a complicated situation."

Strange land, Japan.

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France

At the Sorbonne, GIs listen intently to a professor who is giving them some pointers on French philosophy.

Education, ETO

By Cpl. MARVIN SLEEPER
YANK Staff Correspondent

PARIS—A year ago a T-5 wearing thick eyeglasses was carrying a case of K rations to a bunch of guys on patrol in the Forest of St. Mihiel. He wished he were home. He didn't think then that he would be in the ETO 365 days later, but he is.

Now in Paris, the T-5 hopes it won't be another year, but he is not making book on it. Meanwhile, he is doing something he used to dream about when he was a skinny kid in dirty cords in a Kansas high school. He is "studying abroad." And at the Sorbonne at that.

He is one of thousands of GIs who have decided that if they are going to be stuck with the Army of Occupation, they're going to get the best deal out of it they can. Some of them, who figure their chances are good for getting home within a few months, even grow a little mellow at the thought of leaving Europe. They suddenly want to hurry and catch up on a lot of things they've been missing out on.

These characters are not as rare as it might seem, and the gents who run the Army's school program have filing cabinets full of charts and graphs to prove it. In every corner of Europe where GIs are stationed, some kind of academic or vocational-education program is supposed to be in motion. Some of the stuff is strictly longhair. Most of it is aimed at helping a GI to increase his earning power on that happy day when it is no longer SOP to salute before collecting his pay envelope.

Every man in the ETO is eligible for one or more types of training, depending on his educational, occupational and military background.

The loftiest perches in the scale of studies are the Army University Centers and an arrangement that goes by the name of Training Within Civilian Agencies. Several hundred professors from leading universities and colleges in the U. S. have been imported to France and England to make up the faculties of the Army University Centers. There are some big names among these educators, men who got leaves of absence from their schools.

A former swank gambling casino in southern France now houses a laboratory for X-ray instruction. An ordinance outfit in northern Germany has set up a machine shop for on-the-job training in a garage where Nazi bigwigs once stored their sleek black limousines. GIs who want this type of training are assigned to work alongside an experienced specialist. They start to learn by doing the job. Courses are shaping up in automobile-body repair, railroad-car repair, diesel mechanics, tire rebuilding, electric-motor maintenance, refrigeration mechanics and medical techniques. Any soldier, regardless of educational or military background, may apply. He is handed a set of tools, put beside an old-timer, and told to get his hands dirty.

A parallel procedure has been set up for men interested in bookkeeping and accounting. Army fiscal offices in the ETO are classrooms. For 12 weeks, GIs get the lowdown on collections and receipts, deposits of public funds, office books and records, the account current, refundments, adjustments, corrections and all the other rigmarole that handling big money requires. Trainees who can stand up under that routine and come out without talking to themselves are in line for application for more of the same at either the Wharton Technical Training School in England or one of the GI universities.

THE Biarritz American University on the southwest coast of France is a major Army University Center. If a man has a high-school education or can prove to his I & E officer that his civilian and Army experience qualifies him, he can make application for Biarritz. The GI college offers the same courses that a student might get at New York University, the University of Southern California or Notre Dame. The instructors are civilians and Army officers and EM who taught in colleges before entering the service. Two hundred and thirty-five subjects under eight main headings are taught. The big sections are: agriculture, commerce, education, engineering, fine arts, journalism, liberal arts and science. Each student is expected to take three courses, but the courses need not be necessarily all in the same field of study.

Dr. John Dale Russell, professor of education and dean of students in the University of Chicago's division of social sciences, is the academic adviser and dean at Biarritz. Dr. Russell has worked out a classroom schedule that calls for no more than 16 students to an instructor. He has praised the instructors on his staff as on a par in their fields with the faculty of any U.S. university.

Besides the regular instruction, Biarritz has established an educational advisory system to help GIs make plans for continuing their education after discharge from the Army. Each student's record contains a statement of work completed, final marks and the number of recommended semester-hours of credit that should be acceptable at any accredited American college or university. It is up to the soldier, however, to work out with the university or college that he hopes to attend just how much credit he can claim for his Army studies.

Early in July, 800 enlisted men and officers gathered in the Grand Amphitheater of the Sorbonne to attend the inaugural ceremonies for the first extensive course in the Army's Training Within Civilian Agencies program. This student group had two years of civilian college training, or its equivalent. The men had come to the Sorbonne section of the University of Paris to attend a two-month course in French language and civilization. They are receiving personal, informal instruction in the intellectual resources of Paris and France.

THE Sorbonne started the ball rolling with the civilian-agency tie-in, and now European universities and colleges in Belgium, France and the United Kingdom are in on the TWCA program. Among the schools, working with the Army on this plan are Oxford University, London University, the University of Glasgow and Kings College, all in the UK, the University of Brussels in Belgium, and the universities of Paris, Grenoble, Dijon and Besancon in France. Besides language courses, the French schools offer French literature, modern French history, geography of France, art appreciation, physics, chemistry, botany and watchmaking.

Every angle of beauty-shop operation is taught in a cosmetology course at the Ecole Jandeau in Paris. Students learn haircutting, waving, dyeing, styling, facials and manicuring. Diplomas are given to those who qualify as hairdressers at the end of the course. No previous experience is required of applicants.

Musicians can get in on classes and individual instruction at the Conservatoire Nationale de Musique in Paris. Courses are broken down into two-month terms and are taught by members of the Conservatoire faculty.

Until now, all TWCA schools have been operating on a summer, short-course basis. With the reopening of schools in France, Belgium and the

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UK for the regular fall terms, the program will be broadened to meet the specific demands of the occupation troops. Many industries and trades do not operate at maximum capacity during the summer months, and many courses may now open up for greater student quotas.

The biggest single phase of the whole group-participation program is the Command Unit School, drawn up for each unit of battalion or Air-Force-group size. Both academic and vocational material is or will soon be available, with a range of texts from fifth-grade to second-year-college level. The teachers are qualified men within the units, and most of them have had added training at spots such as the I & E Staff School in Paris. While requirements limit attendance at Army universities and civilian agencies to those with special skills and aptitudes, no such restriction is placed on Command School enrollments. Anybody can go. Anybody can ask for any course that is given. There are 300 textbooks, covering everything from Successful Poultry Management to Labor Problems in America. The study units are divided into blocks of work. Each block requires 20 hours of study. As far as possible, each block is independent of subsequent blocks, so that if a student has to quit in the middle of the course, he still will have soaked up some knowledge.

The first step toward breaking in on any one of the Army's school programs is to talk it over with the unit I & E officer. The CO's approval is the first hurdle you must clear before any application to attend school may be filed. If the CO says you're "essential" there is nothing the I & E school authorities can do about it.

The big bugaboo—the fear of being left behind if your outfit ships—has been quashed by a WD ruling. This says that if your number turns up while you're in the middle of any of the GI school programs, you can take your choice: Finish the course and head for home when it's done, or turn in your books right now and run for the gangplank.

For the lucky GIs who can get to them, there are both Army and civilian universities in the ETO, with courses ranging from beauty culture to math.

The ETO educational program includes sculpture, and these two soldier students are busy learning how.

England

By Sgt. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SHRIVENHAM, ENGLAND—When the Army's University Center here opened on Aug. 1, it was 340 short of its quota of GI students. The school could take care of 4,000 men, but only 3,660 had enrolled. To the authorities, who had expected a long waiting list, this was something of a surprise. But to ordinary soldiers there was a reason. They thought they would get pushed around just as much at a GI university as any other place in the Army—so they didn't sign up.

But miracles can happen—even to EM.

There is danger of this story sounding lovey-dovey, but most Shrivenham students, when asked if they like the set-up, reply more or less as did Pfc. Chester Anderson, who came to AUC from Salzburg, Austria. "It's about the best deal I ever had in the Army," he said. "Only three men in my outfit signed up, because we were suspicious as hell. But now I'm here I can honestly say there is no chicken; the school is run efficiently without red tape."

Possibly more surprised than the students are the civilian professors fresh from the States on special leaves of absence to teach at the University. There is a story going around that they had been warned beforehand by some hard-bitten brass that 80 percent of the GIs coming from the Continent would screw off and that 20 percent might work. This, of course, didn't make the profs any too happy. They had no idea how they were supposed to handle more than 3,500 fighting men who didn't want to study. But now, after a month and a half of classroom lecturing, they tell you that they get more work out of GIs in one week than they get out of students back home in six months. Their natural enthusiasm causes them to exaggerate a bit, no doubt, but it serves nicely to disprove the cynical attitude the brass had.

There is little difference between Shrivenham and an American college campus. GI students stretch out on the lawns between classes or drink cokes in the Red Cross Club. A few Wacs and nurses give the place a slight co-educational touch, although they are outnumbered 150 to one (eight Wacs and 16 nurses are enrolled). The one big difference between Shrivenham and a campus back home is that 1,104 German POWs do KP, cook meals and police up the area. If it weren't for the Geneva Convention rules, they would undoubtedly make the students' beds and clean up the quarters, too. It is the policy of the University to eliminate all details, and give men who have been on the Continent a rest as well as a free education for two months. There are no formations except at reveille. Students eat off trays in mess halls that are better than average and sleep between sheets on spring beds.

Of the faculty's 229 members, 130 are civilian professors, 93 are Army officers who either have had some teaching experience or have degrees that make them eligible to teach, and six are enlisted men, three of whom have Ph.D. degrees. The enlisted men among the teachers have a simulated rank of warrant officer and wear white strips of ribbon on their shoulder straps.

Some of the students are disappointed that rank has not been abolished on the campus. These EM look at it this way: A university is supposed to foster individuality. There should be no better place, they say, than AUC for switch-over from military to civilian approach to life.

On the campus you see shoulder patches of almost every division on the Continent. Only 400 men are from the UK. Twenty percent of the students are from the Infantry. The average age is 24, but ages run from 18 to 50. The prevalent rank is pfc, but there are three lieutenant colonels. One of them is studying advanced English composition, French and feature writing. Another is boning up on the principles of secondary education and American and world affairs.

AUC offers 263 courses in eight fields. Liberal arts and commerce are the two largest sections. Languages attract the largest enrollment in liberal arts. Maj. H. W. K. Fitzroy, dean of liberal arts, says that this interest in languages is due to the war. "GI students have picked up some knowledge of languages on the Continent and they are going all-out to pick up more," he said recently, adding that there are more students taking Italian at AUC than there are at Harvard. The largest enrollment is in French and German. There is also quite a demand for Russian. "It's the end of isolationism," said Maj. Fitzroy.

THE University is a huge pile of brick on 700 acres of ground. Built in 1937, it was originally a British officers' training school. It is modern, and the quarters are extremely comfortable, with good showers, ventilation and heat. It is set in very pleasant rolling country near Swindon in Berkshire. The English department points out with pride that the school is in a location bounded by the former homes of Mrs. Gaskell, Shakespeare, Thomas Hardy, Jane Austen and George Eliot. King Alfred burnt his oat cakes about 300 yards from the Red Cross Club.

There are acres and acres of sports ground. Physical training is compulsory, and each student is supposed to put in four hours a week. Some GIs who fought their way across three countries complain that they have had enough exercise and would rather spend the time studying.

There is a very good 60-hour pass arrangement. Every week end GIs can take off on Friday afternoon after class and return Monday morning in time for reveille. Something like 1,500 students go to London each week end. It takes an hour and three-quarters in non-stop trains which Special Services has chartered. Special Services also runs a train to Bournemouth and buses to Sulgrave (best example of Norman architecture in England), Bath, Salisbury, Stratford-on-Avon and Winchester. On the way back from Bath, the bus stops at Norton St. Philip so that the students can have a pint in the oldest licensed pub in England—the George—built in 1367.

AUC is a complete university. No one has swallowed any goldfish yet, but one of the English professors collaborating with the Music Department has just written a college song which is about as corny as that of any other alma mater. The first verse runs:

'Mid the rolling downs of England,
At Shrivenham, County Berks,
We've come from distant places for
A higher goal than marks.

Some may prefer the unofficial college song which you can hear late at night in the barracks and in the Red Cross Club. The first verse is as follows:

Beaucoup study at AUC,
But the soldiers no compri.

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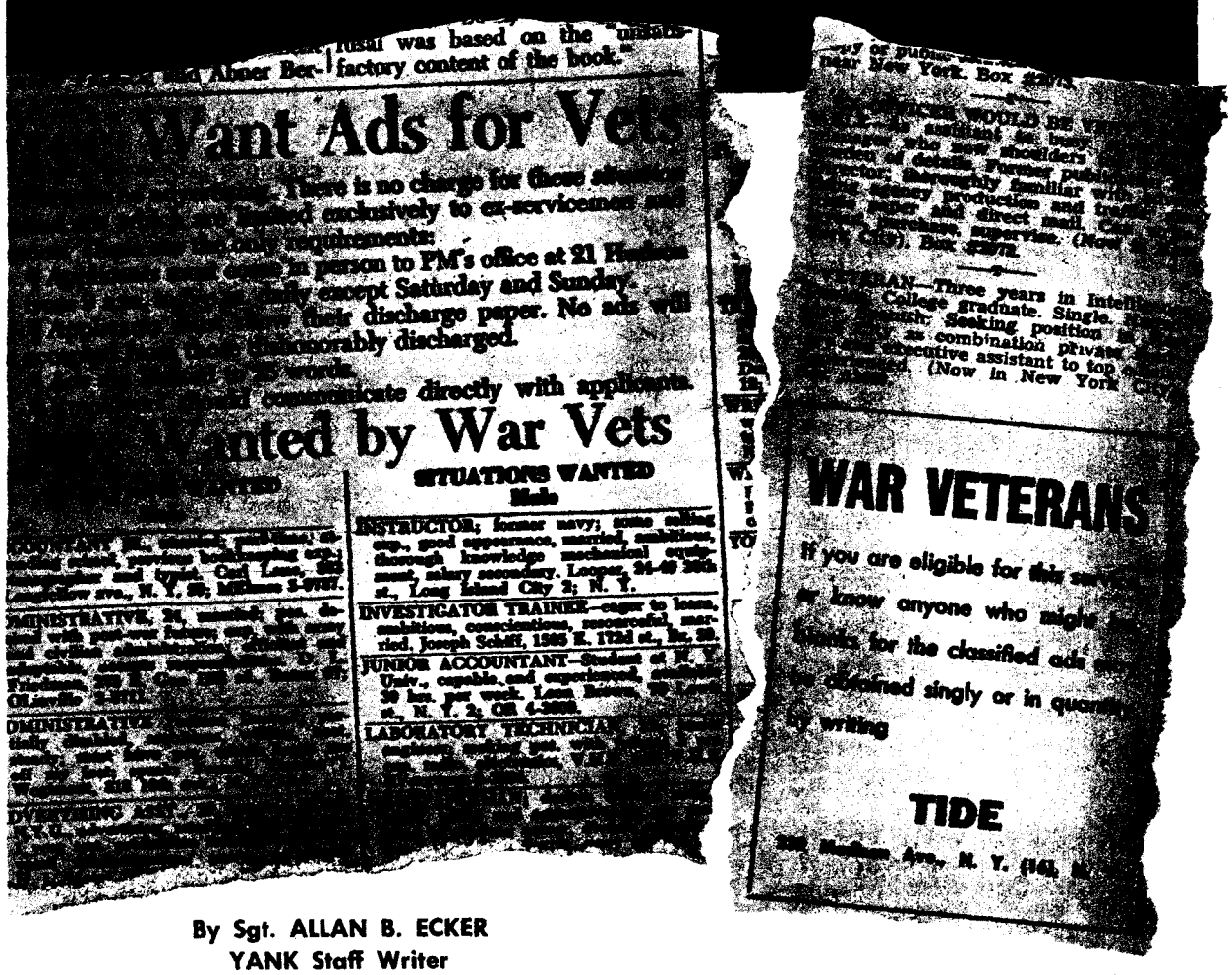
JOBS WANTED


factory content of the book."

Want Ads for Vets

There is no charge for those

exclusively to ex-servicemen

requirements:

in person to PM's office at 21

except Saturday and Sunday.

their discharge paper. No ads will

honorably discharged.

communicate directly with applicants.

Wanted by War Vets

SITUATIONS WANTED

Male

INSTRUCTOR; former navy; some college

INVESTIGATOR TRAINEE—eager to learn,

JUNIOR ACCOUNTANT—Student of N. Y.

LABORATORY TECHNICIAN

(Now in New York

WAR VETERANS

If you are eligible for this

know anyone who might

for the classified ads

obtained singly or in quan

by writing

TIDE

By Sgt. ALLAN B. ECKER
YANK Staff Writer

LAZY OVERSEAS VETERAN desires easy job with big pay, preferably sitting down, especially interested radio. S. Richard Collier, 1975 Sedgwick Ave., Bronx. FO 5-7102.

DESIRE DANGEROUS WORK, any type, from parachuting to driving automobiles into brick walls; travel if necessary; love excitement; ex-paratrooper, age 22. Edward Bergida, 726 De Kalb Ave., Bklyn.

Ads like these, and thousands of a more humdrum variety, have been appearing daily in the New York City newspaper *PM* since July 3. That would not be particularly remarkable except that (1) *PM* has long refused to carry advertising, (2) the advertisers are all veterans of this war and (3) the ads are free.

PM credits its business department with the idea, since taken up by the Indianapolis (Ind.) *Star* and several trade publications, including *Billboard* (the entertainment business) and *Lingerie World* (the lingerie business). *Tide* (advertising-trade publication) started carrying free want ads for veterans in its bi-monthly newsletter to subscribers back in November 1944. But as the first daily newspaper to carry such ads, and the first publication to carry veterans' ads for jobs of every sort (*Billboard* carries only entertainment ads, *Tide* only advertising, marketing and public-relations ads), the *PM* experiment rates a onceover.

Because employers are instructed to communicate directly with the persons advertising for jobs, *PM* has no way of knowing for sure how successful the ads have been. Postcards and letters to the editor, however, as well as telephone polls by *PM* and YANK reporters, point to a fairly good batting average for the want-ad columns.

Whatever the percentages, the new department has the confidence of a good number of ex-GIs. On an average day, 50 to 60 veterans, including one or two women, bring their certificates of honorable discharge to the newspaper. To an out-of-work veteran, the free *PM* ad is something of a break. It isn't even possible to buy similar space in some New York newspapers. The *News*, *Mirror* and *World-Telegram* discontinued "situations wanted" ads a year ago because of the newsprint shortage.

At the standard rate, the free space in *PM* would cost about $3 in another newspaper. The New York *Times*, in the morning field, charges 60 cents a line for its weekday "situations wanted" advertising. The New York *Post*, an evening tabloid, charges 55 cents a line. Five words to a line is standard count.

The *PM* ad also gives its purchaser whatever advantage there is in letting prospective employers know you are a veteran. The only other New York paper to do anything like this is the *Times*, which runs veterans' and non-veterans' ads all together, but somewhat cryptically marks those of the veterans with an asterisk. Some employers prefer to hire ex-servicemen, but other bosses frankly say they're looking for anybody who can do the job.

A lot of veterans, especially those with no prewar job experience, find difficulty in wording their ads. Miss Ruth Schlesinger, the red-head who handles the *PM* ad-taking, tries to help such ex-servicemen express themselves and occasionally edits their advertising copy. Many ex-GIs say they "will take anything with a postwar future" and are "willing to learn." That's natural, considering the large number of men drafted right out of high school or college. But there are also many—radio mechanics and radar operators, for instance—who have acquired technical skills while in service. Their ads stress Army experience.

The average advertiser seems to get about a half-dozen answers. High man was probably J. A. Lalonde, a Navy veteran who advertised for his prewar type of job—superintendent of a large apartment house. "It was a landslide," he says. "I counted 150 phone calls and landed exactly the opportunity I was looking for."

Sumner Richard Collier, the GI who described himself as "lazy," received more than 100 replies to his eye-catching ad. Built on Sydney Greenstreet lines, Collier as a GI had traveled around North Africa and the Middle East as a Special Services entertainer. His ad brought him the job he wanted in show business.

Some advertisers have drawn a blank. Chief Photographer's Mate M. Saunders, who has nine years in the Navy, sought a job as a commercial photographer. He'd seen action with a combat photo team in France and on a Pacific cruiser. Perhaps because the phone he listed was a Yonkers number, which involves toll charges, or simply because nobody was looking for a photographer, he didn't get any answers. But through a prewar contact he landed the job he wanted.

Here are some other reactions to the *PM* ads:

V. W. Pierce, who worked on the mechanical end of the Rome *Stars and Stripes*, advertised for a job as proofreader or linotype operator. He received replies from five outstanding magazine and book publishers, all offering around $70 a week (the linotype union minimum) or better.

A machinist's mate first class named Norman Choplin, who had put in four years and eight months on Coast Guard service, including Atlantic convoy duty, was a little PO'd. He got just one offer, as a maintenance mechanic in a fair-sized concern. When Choplin asked for $1.20 an hour, the prewar rate, the boss said: "Don't you know the war is over?" That burned up the coast guardsman. "Can you beat that?" says Choplin. "*He* tells *me* the war is over!"

Two paratroopers who advertised for "dangerous" jobs had similar experiences with their *PM* ads. Vincent Westborg, an ex-pfc who fought at Bastogne in the 101st Airborne Division, was laid off from a war-plant job (as a $65-a-week mechanic) when war contracts were cancelled. His wife was expecting a baby.

"Disgusted with looking for a half-way decent job, going places and finding the job was taken or didn't pay enough," he advertised for the "dangerous" assignment. He's had only three responses, none of them what he wanted. When interviewed, Westborg was getting "kinda desperate" and had just about made up his mind to take "any old job."

The other paratrooper, Edward Bergida, fought as an infantryman in the Attu campaign and then jumped with the 17th Airborne Division in Germany. Single, Bergida wanted a stunting job because "I like it, I know how to do it and it pays off. Besides, I'm kinda crazy, I guess."

He has had only three replies, all indicating that one man's idea of danger may not be the same as another's: insurance salesman, "just plain" salesman and chauffeur. Bergida says he is going to Hollywood to "crash my way into a stunt job with MGM or somebody."

Many veterans, according to Miss Schlesinger, turn down offers because they have an exaggerated idea of present wage scales. Some refuse jobs paying $30 a week because they can get $20 a week in unemployment compensation.

Besides trying to straighten out ex-servicemen on current wages, Miss Schlesinger has given advice that helped more than one disabled veteran to reorient himself. At her suggestion, a Navy dentist — whose right arm will be crippled for a year because of wounds suffered in the Pacific —advertised for a desk job with a dental-supply house. He got it. A Marine corporal with battle-fatigued nerves, who needed a quiet outdoor job to recover, found a congenial position as gardener on a Connecticut estate.

Most ex-officers seem to want to mention their commissions. One advertiser identified himself as a former lieutenant colonel in the Field Artillery. Occasionally, too, an ad will begin: "Sergeant, 43, can handle men. . . ." But there are also humble ads from the brass, such as the one reading: "Ex-Army officer, 33, married, math major, desires permanent pos., willing to learn, work hard, $45."

John P. Lewis, *PM's* managing editor, would like to see other newspapers pick up the free want-ad idea. So would the WD's Personal Affairs Division. But Lewis hopes the ads will not encourage a class distinction between veterans and non-veterans.

"Most of the many civilians being displaced as a result of cancelled war contracts knew what they were up against and could look around in advance," says Lewis. "Several million servicemen, thrown on the job market in a short space of time, have been out of touch so long they don't know how or where to look. The free want ads may help solve that special, temporary problem.

"But in the long run, the best thing for veterans is to start thinking of themselves as the civilians that they are. If 10 million ex-GIs get jobs and 10 million ex-war workers and plain ordinary people lose them, we haven't solved a damn thing. The major problem for all of us, something that advertising won't solve, is to increase the total number of jobs available, so we can arrive at full employment."

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Clothing Not Issued

Want out of khaki? Here's good news. There are plenty of civvies on the market even now, priced to fit any post-Army pocketbook.

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

FOR reasons not unconnected with VE- and VJ-Days, millions of Army men have recently become clothes-conscious. Civilian clothes-conscious. Their sartorial interest, long confined to drab speculation as to whether their uniforms would get by rear-echelon MPs, has all at once broadened to include thoughts about their chances of buying white shirts, double-breasted flannels and other apparel unobtainable from a supply sergeant or the nearest PX.

There have been reports, possibly foisted by over-zealous drum-beaters for the postwar Army, that good men's clothes are very hard to find, that there are no such things any more as either white shirts or flannels. YANK is in a position to brand most such reports as exaggerated. If a man hangs on to a reasonable percentage of his $200-$300 discharge pay, he won't have to start civilian life in a barrel.

These glad tidings are brought by a prospective civilian, a veteran who, for the sake of the truth and his own wardrobe, recently spent a good many happy hours interviewing department-store buyers and managers of men's shops in New York City. If the country's largest town is at all typical, you don't have to pay attention to such rumors as "Suits cost three times what they did before Pearl Harbor."

One reason that suits do not cost three times as much as they did in 1941 is that the Government set up an organization called the Office of Price Administration and endowed it with certain powers to hold prices in line. With wage increases in mind, the OPA permitted clothing manufacturers a wartime percentage mark-up, but the mark-up has not been in the neighborhood of 300 percent; 5 percent would be more like it.

The civilian-to-be did discover that there are certain shortages. All 15 of the men's shops he happened to stray into had white shirts, though three had none with 14½ or 15 collars, the most popular sizes in the shirt field. Haberdashers told him that there had been a severe shortage of white shirts right up to VE-Day, when the Navy, which they held primarily responsible for the skimpy civilian supply, began cutting its orders. "Right now," one haberdasher with an honest face said, "some of us have plentiful stocks. Give us six more months and we'll have enough white shirts for everybody."

English flannels are also scarce and hard-finished worsteds even scarcer, though neither material is downright unobtainable and some stores in New York City have flannels in a wide variety of patterns and sizes. The general opinion, though, is that it will be a full year before stores the country over will be able wholly to replenish their stocks. Meanwhile, unless you are more demanding than a man who has spent quite some time in ODs and sun-tans has any reason to be, you can find plenty of comfortable and good-looking substitutes—gabardines, tweeds and ordinary worsteds, to name only three choices.

The quality of all men's clothes just now is still on the lowered wartime level. One candid and sympathetic salesman went so far as to whisper: "The boys shouldn't be too anxious to buy new clothes now because wartime restrictions have hampered us in both styling and materials during the past three years. My advice to them would be to take their old suits to a tailor and see what can be done with them and wait awhile before buying a lot of clothes."

Other salesmen agreed with him and added that pre-Pearl Harbor suits won't look out-of-date in 1945—or 1946. Outside of a vent here and a pleat there, national clothing manufacturers say, there hasn't been a major style change in men's fashions in the past 10 years. The zoot-suit fad isn't regarded as a "major" change.

"Zoot suiters and their ilk," said one department-store man scornfully, "are on the lunatic fringe of men's fashions. Zoot suits never had any appeal for our type of customer and aren't worth a damn."

THIS salesman did acknowledge, however, that there has been a growing trend toward loose-fitting, somewhat long-coated suits based on the British lounge model. This trend, he pointed out, had got under way long before the war started and the chances seem to be that your old clothes will reflect it enough to make them wearable—from the standpoint of style—in this or the next year of grace.

Other stylists don't foresee any marked changes in suits even in the future. There has been some loose talk about manufacturers blossoming out with bright red coats and purple slacks, suits without pockets (men, it's explained, will carry cute little handbags just as women do now) and several other wacky innovations. The manager of one shop turned up a conservative nose at all such rumored changes and dismissed them haughtily as "swish."

Some veterans, it was admitted in clothing circles, go a litle berserk in buying their first postwar civilian suit and order the loudest number in stock. When the point system first went into effect, there was a noisy demand for race-track checks and similar conspicuous patterns. The fad is now reported on the wane. "In fact," one store manager declared, "most of the boys are bringing the loud numbers back and asking for an exchange. They want something quiet."

Even so, it appears that long tenure in the Army or Navy does affect a man's taste in clothes somewhat. Army dischargees usually cringe when salesmen show them something in brown, and ex-Navy men will have nothing whatever to do with blue. No matter what their branch of service, veterans demand that suits fit comfortably. They don't want that buttoned-up feeling. "Sometimes," one clerk said petulantly, "we give them a size over what they should wear and still they insist, 'This suit fits too tight.'"

A MONEY-CONSCIOUS guy and one who has outgrown his old clothes, YANK's civilian-to-be decided that he ought to find out exactly what a complete new wardrobe would cost. He figured that his wardrobe should consist of a business suit, a sports jacket, flannel slacks, topcoat, hat, one pair of shoes, three shirts, three sets of underwear, two handkerchiefs, four pairs of socks, a tie and a pair of suspenders. (No nightshirt; the guy sleeps raw.) He further figured that this complete wardrobe should cost under $300—the amount of discharge pay he has coming to him in three equal installments. These decisions made, he went into four somewhat different kinds of clothing establishments and demanded to know what his future wardrobe would set him back.

Store A was a chain men's shop specializing in cheaper furnishings. Store B was a department store well known for selling men's clothes at a reasonable price; Store C was a reputable medium-price men's shop; Store D, one of the most expensive ready-made clothing firms in Manhattan. From the following figures the stores furnished you can judge what it is going to cost you to dress like a civilian:

	STORE A	STORE B	STORE C	STORE D
Business suit	$26.75	$42.50	$65.00	$85.00
Topcoat	28.20	39.50	55.00	65.00
Sports jacket	16.50	25.00	35.00	50.00
Flannel slacks	8.75	10.95	15.00	18.00
Felt hat	5.00	5.00	7.50	10.00
Shoes	4.30	6.95	8.95	10.00
3 shirts	6.75	7.50	12.00	15.00
3 sets of underwear	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50
2 handkerchiefs	.70	1.00	2.00	2.50
4 pairs of socks	1.20	2.00	4.00	5.00
Tie	1.00	1.50	2.50	5.00
Suspenders	1.00	1.25	1.50	2.00
	$103.15	$147.65	$214.45	$275.00

The civilian-to-be turned in his report with this terse comment: "If these prices don't suit you, bud, you can always re-enlist."

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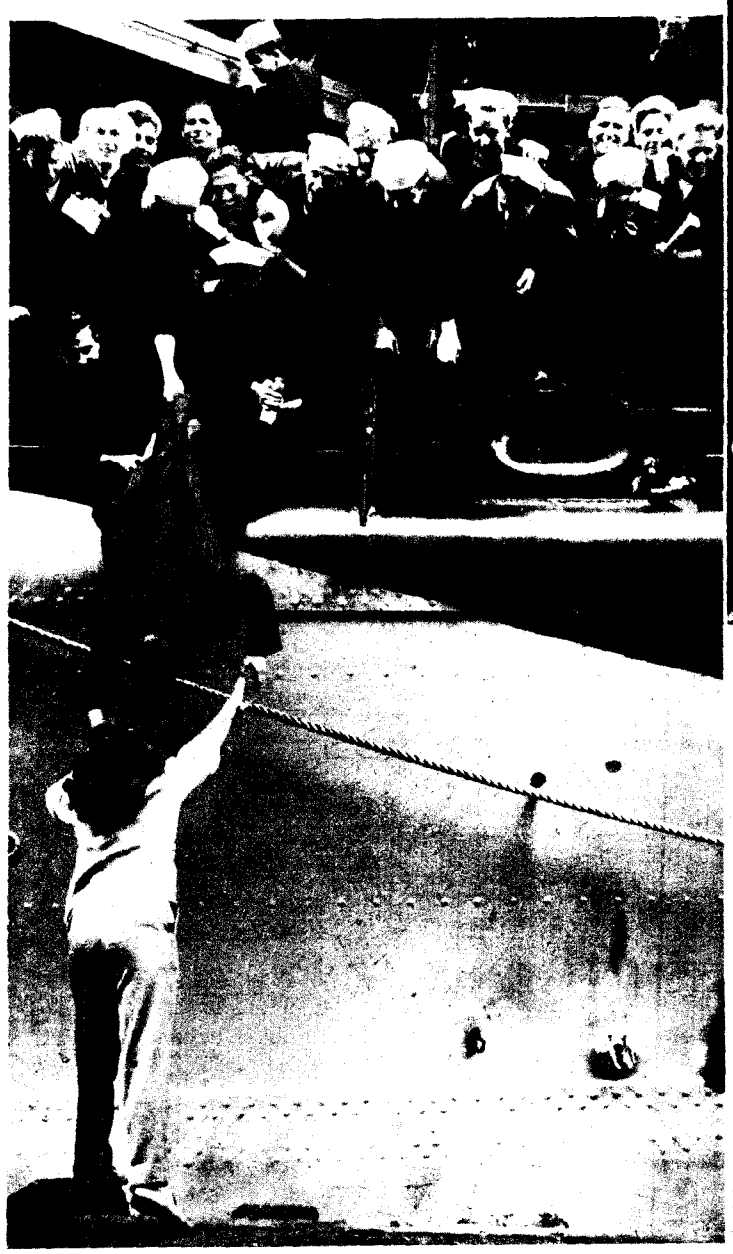
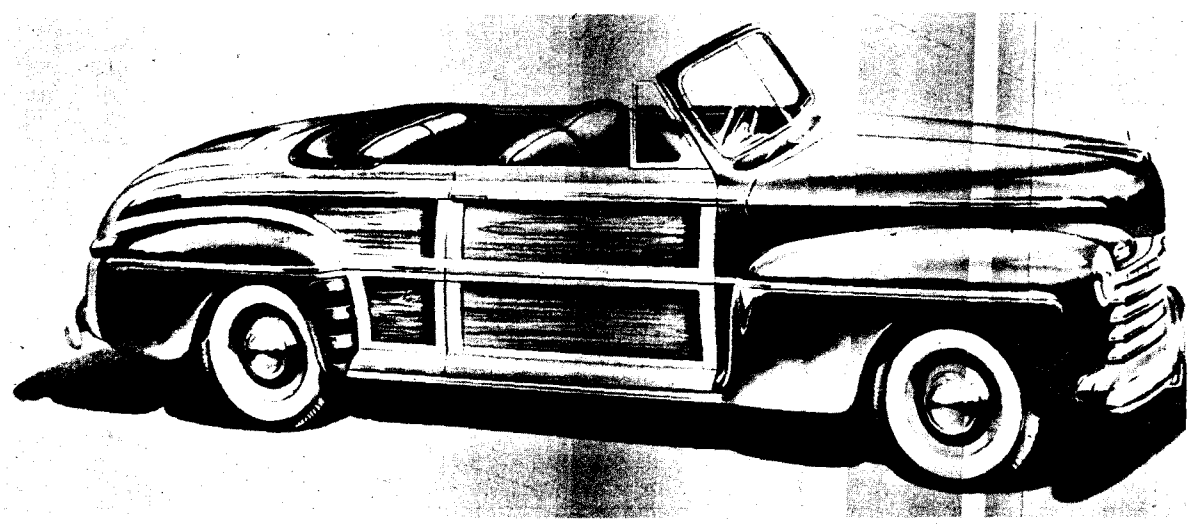
AERIAL DRESS. With bans lifted on civilian flying, Linda Darnell, the 20th Century-Fox star, is learning how in Los Angeles.

Jap generals and admirals, in Bilibid Prison, Manila, read YANK, our favorite magazine. The Jap at right looks at feature, "Main Streets of America," which we never let him visit.



NEAR MISS. When the cruiser *San Diego* docked in San Francisco a sailor lunged for a welcome kiss but didn't make it.

FAMILY SELL-OUT. Frank Sinatra had an extra-smug expression on his face in Hollywood when Bing Crosby's boys, Dennis, Cary, Lindsay and Philip, came up and asked him for his autograph.



DRIVING PLEASURE. This is a new job, turned out by the Ford Motor Company, which you may be able to buy next year. It's a sportsman's convertible—a combination station wagon and convertible.

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Your

S OF THE WORLD

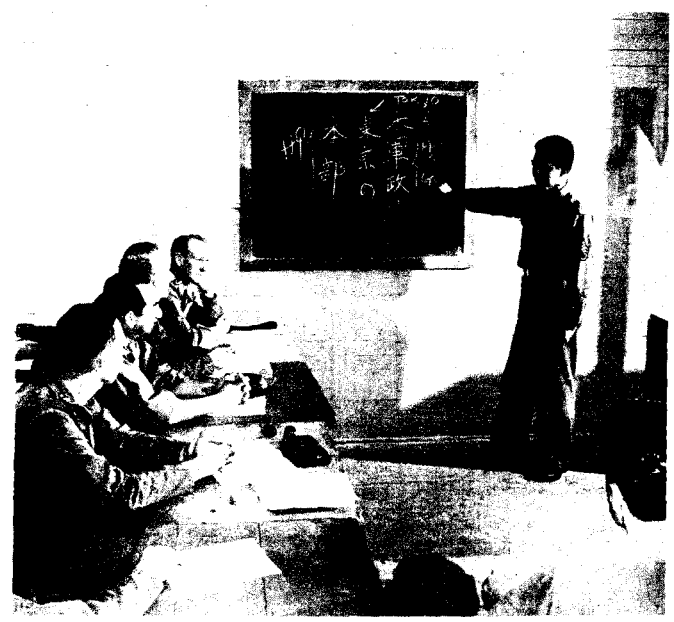
At Lake Placid Club, the Army Ground Service Forces Redistribution Station held a rodeo. The GI boy on the left might have preferred being bucked off, but it was an accident. The saddle girth broke on him.

In Paris, married Sgts. Bernard and Marian Sokolowsky have 87 points apiece.

Erin De Selfa of Ceylon, now in don, gave 6,000 performances for Allied soldiers.

Siwash, front and center, takes to the home brew like a duck to water. With his Marine master, Cpl. Francis Fagan (center), he saw a lot of combat in the Pacific. Now he's in Chicago and wants out.

Maj. Stanley Reilly, freed prisoner, carves "Death March" map on mess kit.



S/Sgt. Masami Otsuka of Hawaii teaches American AMG officers in Monterey, Calif.

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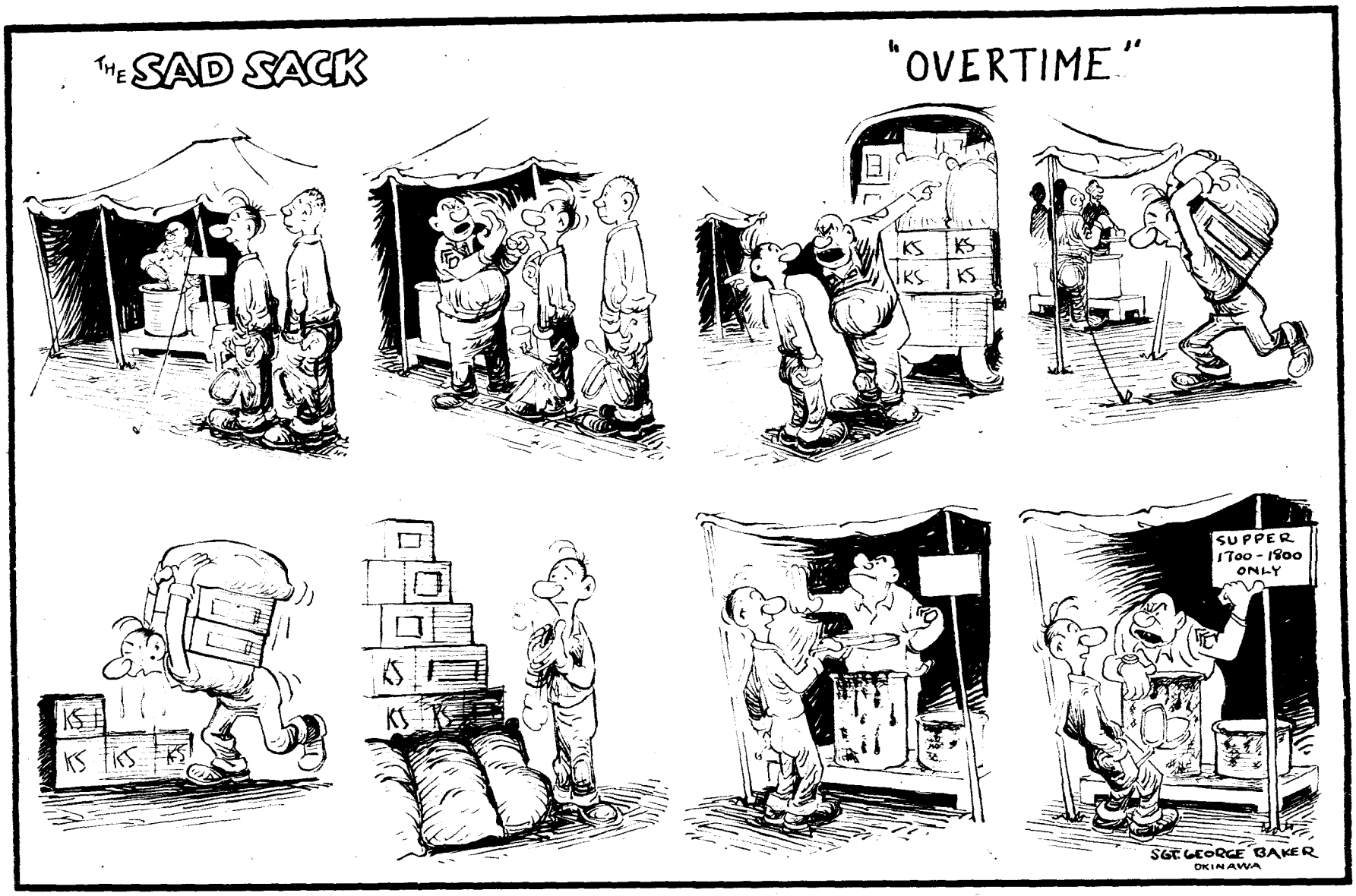

The Little girl

By Pfc. MORRIS FREEDMAN

THE little girl sat straight in the chair, her pigtails touching her back as they fell. Her left hand lay palm up in her lap. When food lingered on her lips she gently dabbed it with her napkin. She sat on the outside of the table, facing the mirror, and gravely watched her reflection. Her mother sat against the mirror, opposite the little girl and the technical sergeant.

"It was terribly hot in New York before we left," her mother was saying, elbow on the table, her mouth picking at a bun, "and I figured it couldn't be any worse here. And I wanted to get away for the child's sake. Do you like it here, Belle Ann?"

"Yes, I like Texas," the little girl replied and nodded her head in a manner suggesting the curtsey she might have made if standing.

"As soon as I knew you were here, and in the hospital, I thought I would come down," her mother continued. "You must be lonely here, Tom."

"It was nice of you to come, Myra," the sergeant said. "But you must be lonely, too. What do you do with yourself?"

"Oh, I really don't do anything. I spend a lot of time with Belle Ann. Do you know, Tom, she remembers you."

Tom grinned. "You do?" he asked her. The little girl nodded seriously.

"I knew she'd like you. Do you remember high school, Tom? When we walked through the streets and saw all the little children and you used to grin at them and stop and play?"

Tom remembered how Myra used to get impatient. "I'm a little surprised you remember it," he said.

"Oh, I'm really a different person, Tom. Being a mother has taught me a lot. And being a wife. You know, I always remembered the things you used to say. You were right about many things. Belle Ann, pay attention to your food and don't look in the mirror."

"How do you feel in a strange city, Belle Ann?" the sergeant asked.

"It's nice," Belle Ann answered and then hesitated.

"Call me Tom," the sergeant prompted.

"Tom," the little girl concluded and turned her smile down to her plate.

"Do you miss New York, Belle Ann?" the sergeant asked.

"You know," her mother put in, "she has her own play room and a garden, Tom, and I was thinking of getting her a governess. Are you coming back to New York after you're out? Are they giving you a discharge?"

"No, I'm not getting a discharge yet. I don't know exactly when."

Belle Ann sat studying the ribbons on his blouse. Tom looked closely at Myra. She was looking directly across the table into his eyes. Her hair was still the same blonde color, but not as fluffy as he remembered it. She had the small beginning of a second chin. Her flesh was not as fresh and firm as before. But, he thought wryly as he caught a look at his own round, lined face in the mirror, he wasn't far behind her.

He suddenly wondered why he had ever kept up a correspondence with her. They'd always had a teasing, suggestive, half-kidding relationship by mail, even while her husband was alive.

"What are you thinking, Tom?" Myra asked. "Did you have much trouble coming down?"

"Well, we couldn't get a drawing room, but we managed to get Pullmans. We would have had to wait to get what we wanted." She noticed Tom pause in his eating. "We wanted to get out of the city while it was so hot, you see. Didn't you get a furlough?"

"Well, I was offered one for ten days, but I had barely enough money to get to New York and back, so I didn't come."

"That's a shame, Tom. You should have let me know. If you ever need money. It would have been nice to have you in the house. You could have stayed there, you know."

The little girl already had finished. She sat with her hands clasped lightly in her lap, following the mirrored conversation.

"Do you have to go back to camp tonight, Tom?" Myra asked. "How late can you stay with us?"

"I have to be back tonight. They have bed check. But, if you'll forgive me, Myra, I think I'll go back right after we finish eating. I don't feel good and the doctors told me to hurry back if I ever felt anything unusual."

"Oh," she said. They finished their dessert, and Myra insisted on paying the check. They walked out of the restaurant with Belle Ann holding his hand. He said good-bye, he'd phone tomorrow.

On the bus he thought to himself that being in the Army sometimes is a convenience. He felt guilty because of the long trip they had made. Tomorrow he would call and say he was shipping. He had a touch of regret as he remembered the little girl.

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". . . But then it turned out my discharge was all a mistake." —S/Sgt. David Redfern, Ft. Worth, Texas

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

My Achin' Back

"SIT down, corpril. Smoke if you want to," said the broad-beamed sergeant in the interviewing section of the Ft. Dix Separation Center. "It won't be long before you'll be out.

"What's your name? Gray? I've got your records here some place. Saw 'em just before I went to chow. Yep, here they are. First name Paul. No middle initial. You're a corpril and your serial number is 33265213. Right?

"You've got the Silver Star, the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart. Nice goin'. Musta been plenty rough over there last winter. We had a helluva lot of snow here, too. Damn near froze my ears off walking a babe home one night. Couldn't get a taxi. How are those French chicks?

"Well, corpril, your records look okay. Take them down to the sergeant in booth 23 and he'll tell you what you've forgotten about being a civilian. Wait a minute—some one forgot to enter on your Form 20 where you got your basic. Where'd you get it?

"What, you've never had basic! Aw, quit your kidding, corpril. Why, hell, I've been shinin' my tail at a desk in the States for three years, and I've had basic trainin' twice.

"Holy Crise, corpril, I can't believe it. You mean to tell me they transferred you out of a supply room at Indiantown Gap right into a hot outfit and shipped you overseas without any basic? Well, I'll be go to hell!

"Hey, Shuey, here's one for the books! This guy has been overseas, won himself all kinds of medals, and never had no basic! Whattya know about that? Maybe we oughta tell the Old Man so he can tip off Public Relations. This would make a helluva good story for the papers. All those medals and no basic. My achin' back!

"What's Major Woods' phone number? . . .

"Hello, Major Woods, this is Sgt. Smith, sir. We just discovered that one of the men who's up for discharge with 97 points never had basic training. Yes sir. That's right, sir. He has the Silver Star, the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart. No sir. He says he was shanghaied out of a supply room and shoved into a hot outfit at Indiantown Gap. Yes sir. I'll tell him, sir.

"The Old Man says for you to stick around, corpril. He's going to call the colonel and the newspapers. Says he never heard anything like it. All those medals, but no basic! My GI back!

"Interviewing section, Sgt. Smith speaking. Yes, major, he's still here. Yes sir. All right, sir.

"You're causing a helluva rumpus, corpril. The Old Man says the colonel just about blew his top when he told him you had all that hardware but no basic training. The colonel's going to call the general. Wanna read a magazine while you're waiting?

"Interviewing Section, Sgt. Smith speaking. Yes, major. Yes sir. It sure is, sir.

"That was the Old Man, corpril. Uh—he says to tell you the colonel says the general says the War Department says they can't discharge you without basic training as long as you have all those medals. They claim it wouldn't look right. Headquarters is to cut orders on you immediately. Sixteen weeks of basic training at Camp Howze.

"My achin' GI back!"

Alaska —Cpl. DICK PEEBLES

Excess Baggage

THE aircrew boys don't argue any more about whether a Lib is a better plane than a Fort. They've got a new argument to kick around the hut: Who is the most important man in an aircrew, pilot or bombardier or navigator or who?

Here's the way it sounds to an outsider:

The pilot is just a truck driver. All he does is set the dials, rev the engines and look glamorous. Then he follows the leader. If he's lead pilot his job is even easier, he just sets the automatic pilot and reads a comic book, letting the lead navigator take the ship there and the lead bombardier take it over the target. The pilot is excess baggage.

The co-pilot reads a check-list on the takeoff, and reads it again on the landing. Once in a while he makes an oxygen check, and the rest of the time he chews the fat with the engineer. The co-pilot is a hitch-hiker.

The navigator keeps his pencils sharpened and fiddles with maps, but all he really does is fill in check points on his log and give the estimated time of arrival. He lets the lead navigator worry. The navigator just comes along for the ride.

The bombardier has no guns to man. He doesn't even take the bomb pins out, the engineer does that. Whenever anybody is in the way, it's the bombardier. The bombardier is ballast and that's about all.

The B-24 engineer went to a B-17 school, and the B-17 engineer got his training at Willow Run. If the engineer knows how to transfer gas in flight, he considers himself an expert. After a few trips he teaches the radioman to do that. The engineer's chief duty is to chew the fat with the co-pilot. The engineer is a stowaway.

The radioman listens to his radio but seldom touches the key. The ground crew has his transmitter all set up for him before he takes off, otherwise he'd be out of luck. If something goes wrong during the flight he says the ground crew forgot to fix it. The radioman is excess baggage.

The tail gunner always forgets his oxygen mask. When he trial-fires his guns, one of them invariably has a mal-function. His chief contribution is to the interphone conversation. He occasionally yells, "Flak at one o'clock!" although he's facing the other direction. If you took off by mistake without the tail gunner he'd never be missed.

The ball-turret gunner needs help getting in and out of his turret. His oxygen supply goes haywire, so he has to ride in the waist. If his oxygen happens to be okay he spins his turret just fast enough to lull himself to sleep. The ball turret gunner is more trouble than he's worth.

The waist gunner's electric suit is usually shorted so he rides huddled up in a corner. He never saw a fighter. Once he thought he saw one, and almost gave it a burst, until someone yelled that it was a P-51. The waist gunner definitely is excess baggage.

The whole aircrew, in fact, is excess baggage.

Truax Field, Wis. —T/Sgt. JOSEPH T. CAPOSSELA

"Boy! He sure got sore when I said I didn't want a shampoo, didn't he?"

—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson, Ft. Monmouth, N. J.

ALWAYS A FIRST-CLASS PRIVATE—NEVER A PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

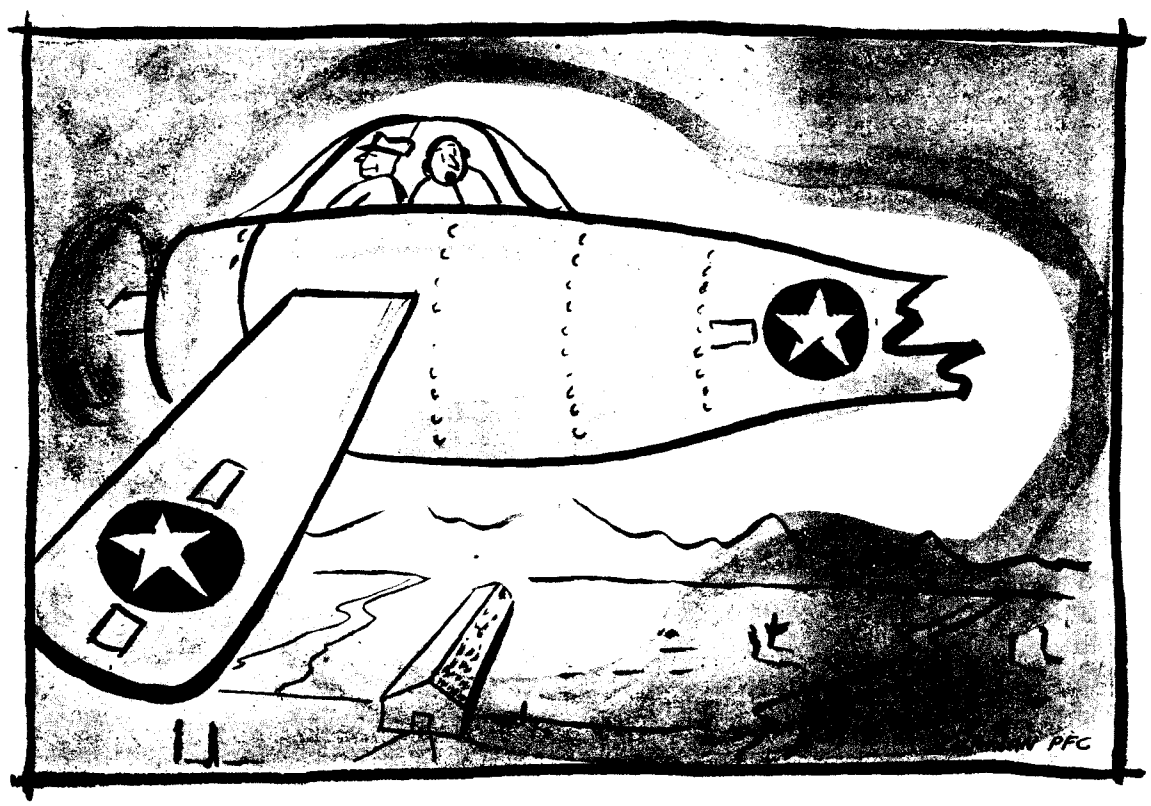
He struggled and sweated through basic,
Taking the worst that they had.
He mastered the gas, grenades and the rest,
And his record on guns wasn't bad
(But the damned galoot never learned to salute,
So promotion he never had).

In Europe our man was splendid:
His record for Nazis was high;
He got every medal for valor,
Was really a rugged guy
(Yet the stupid boor never learned to say "sir,"
So ratings all passed him by).

At home they gave him a party—
The mayor and some of the crowd.
He even inspired the workers,
And the babes around him were proud
(But I must admit, his clothes didn't fit—
Promotion for him: Disallowed).

He was always a first-class private,
Never a private first class.
He had a way with an engine
And he knew his guns and his gas
(But he never could get Army etiquette—
He remains a private, buck-ass).

Camp Gruber, Okla. —Cpl. JACK C. BELL



"But, sir! Are you *sure* it's camouflage?"

—Pfc. O. S. Lerman, Camp Shanks, N. Y.

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MAYOR OF COSSATO

By Sgt. LEN ZINBERG
YANK Staff Correspondent

COSSATO, ITALY—This neat little town of 9,000 people lies at the foot of the mountains, 60 miles west of Milan. The mayor is Pierino Angiono, who spent 15 months in the hills with the Partisans. Everybody calls him by his first name; even the kids say, "Chow, Pierino." He is a new kind of mayor for the town. Before the war the mayors of Cossato were usually rich fascists. Pierino is a farmer and landscape gardener. His wife, Anellina, whom he calls Nellie, is a weaver.

The buildings of Cossato have never been bombed, and until the war was over they saw few, if any, American or British troops. (Even now the sight of a GI or a jeep causes people to stare.) But the people saw plenty of *SS* troops, and in the various streets there are wreaths hanging from the walls, marking the spot where the Germans shot a "*Partigiano*," or Party-John, as the GIs call a Partisan. Behind the faded wreaths you can still see the marks where new cement fills the bullet holes. Women show you pictures in the lockets they wear around their necks and say: "This is my husband; he was ambushed and shot by the *Tedeschi*"; or, "Here is my son, one of 16 hostages buried in a mass grave. A year later we dug them up. I recognized him by his suit." There isn't any hysteria in their voices, only bitterness. Cossato had long been a center of anti-fascist activity, and when Italy knuckled under completely to the Nazis after the Allied invasion, the men and women of the town took to the hills and became Partisans.

They are proud of their anti-fascist record.

Mayor Angiono takes time out from his official du to skin and dress a rabbit for his Sunday sup

They are proud of their Partisan mayor. Ask about Pierino and everybody says that first you must hear about his 23-year-old son, Ermanno, who has become a legendary hero of the region. The story they tell of this youth goes as follows:

A weaver in one of the eight textile mills in town, Ermanno was in the Italian Army when Italy surrendered. He managed to escape the Nazis and return to Cossato. In September 1943, he took to the mountains to organize the first Partisan group there. One night in February 1944 he and two companions came down from the hills to get some fascist spies. An informer had tipped off the Krauts, and 80 Nazis were waiting for Ermanno and his friends at a roadblock. They stopped the car and ordered the three Partisans to get out. The Partisans came out firing.

One Partisan was killed instantly in the rain of machinegun fire that hit out at them. Ermanno had a sub-machinegun, while the other Party-John had a pistol. Although hit in both arms and legs, Ermanno kept firing at the Nazis. When his ammo ran out, he told his friend to try to make a get-away. The friend refused and was killed a few seconds later. The Germans knew Ermanno was out of ammo and wounded, so they advanced cautiously toward him. Raising himself on his shattered arms, he let them have two hand grenades. They retreated, filling Ermanno with machinegun slugs as they did so. He was still alive, but when the Germans were sure he was helpless, they came up close and fired a shot in his ear. He had killed eight Germans and seriously wounded 11 others.

Still in a rage after killing him, the Nazis looted and burned his father's house, machinegunned his chickens and rabbits, and even shot his dog and goat. Fortunately, Pierino and his wife had been warned. They took to the mountains, where they spent 15 hard months. The Germans, hoping Pierino would return for Ermanno's body, left it lying where it fell for three days before they allowed it to be removed.

Life in the hills was difficult, and especially so for a 47-year-old man like Pierino and for his 46-year-old wife. They had little food, clothing or blankets. The hills were full of snow and ice, and the couple had to be on the move all the time. The people of the town smuggled what food they could to the Partisans, but it wasn't much.

"We had little food and nearly a third of us were unarmed," Pierino recalled. "The British dropped some arms to us, but not as much as we needed. We like to hunt, but we had to weigh each bullet carefully—shall we use it for a rabbit and eat, or shall we shoot a fascist?

"German troops and local fascists would come into the mountains after us. It was rough country and we knew our way about in it very well. The enemy would come up the mountain, and in the night we would slip through their lines and come down to attack their flank. Such expeditions were costly to the Nazis, and decidedly not popular with their troops. It was a terrible life, especially in the winter. Once we carried a big printing press up into the hills, lugging the parts up on mules and on our backs. We printed one issue of a Partisan paper, but then the Germans came up with mortars and blew our press sky high. All that work—one issue."

Mayor Angiono is sorry the Allies moved into the area around Cossato so fast. "They disarmed us before we had a chance to shoot all the fascists," he said. "Nobody can understand why the Allies leave them alone now. Fighting the fascists is like killing snakes, you must be on guard at all times."

The people of this little town really gave the Nazis a rough time. Beside the Partisans, they were organized also into two other groups. The *Squadra Azione Patriottica* was made up of factory workers. Its members kept watch at the mills to see that the Krauts didn't take any of the machines, or blow up the factories, as they retreated. The *Gruppo Asalto Patriottico* was a nightmare for the local fascists. Made up of small, highly secretive groups composed mainly of women, it spied on the fascists and acted as a kind of counter intelligence outfit for the Party-

The town of Cossato looks sleepy in the sun Alps can be seen pushing away clouds in the dis

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Johns. Once a local fascist was known to be aiding the Nazis, the Partisans would slip quietly into town at night, take him to the hills, give him a trial and kill him if they found him guilty. These trials weren't routine affairs, the Partisans say. The evidence was honestly and carefully weighed, and often a man was released with a warning to watch his step.

In April of 1945, Pierino and his wife returned to Cossato. They were both thin and sickly looking. The Committee of National Liberation (CNL), composed of all political parties, elected two men from each party to act as a town council. They, in turn, chose Pierino to be their mayor pending the holding of a regular election. To show their gratitude to Pierino, the people of the town built a new house on the site of his old one, and gave him a new stock of chickens and rabbits. Pierino already had a new dog—one that the Germans had tried to use in the mountains to hunt Partisans.

Pierino is plenty worried these days. Cossato depends upon the mills for its livelihood, and there is a terrific shortage of raw materials, ordinarily imported from America or England. The CNL has made an agreement with the factory owners by which all workers share what work there is. In a kind of labor-management deal, the workers in the mills have elected a group of representatives, which discusses community problems with the factory owners and the mayor.

Under Pierino's guidance, the schools are reopening this fall, with the ultra-fascist teachers removed. He has built up a community fund which gives free food, clothing and medical care to the poor. The fund is very small, and the job of keeping the money coming in is turning Pierino's thin hair gray. To combat inflation and the black market, Cossato uses a barter system. Once Pierino and his committee have decided what the town will need in the way of food, soap, etc., they take their money to the mills and buy cloth at wholesale prices. Then they go to the surrounding towns, which have the necessary foodstuffs, and barter their cloth for what they need.

This sounds simple, but it involves a lot of red tape. For example, it was decided that the people would need at least 20,000 *quintale* of wood for the coming winter. The community fund was low, so Pierino arranged a meeting of the storekeepers and talked them into giving the necessary dough. Then he had to scout around the country till he found the wood. Next he had to get the approval of the *prefetto*, a sort of county head, to transport the wood from one province to the next. Since there is a shortage of transportation, the people in the area have a cooperative motor pool, and the *prefetto* handles priorities covering the use of the vehicles. If the *prefetto* approves the use of the trucks to haul wood, he must then himself get an okay for gas for the trucks from AMG. According to the plan, the wood will be given to the needy, and sold to those who can afford to pay.

Pierino doesn't receive a salary, and must work his farm to eat. When people can't find him at the city hall, they talk to him as he is tending his field. A farmer may merely ask his advice about some crop, or a woman with five children may complain that her husband's salary is insufficient to feed them all. (Wages in Cossato have been increased, but are far behind the soaring prices. Everytime a wage increase is announced, prices go up twice as high.)

In the case of the woman, Pierino may, after listening to her story, give her a note to the community storehouse entitling her to food and clothing. He arranges the mass funerals for Partisans whose bodies are found in the hills and returned to Cossato. He listens to family troubles.

One man angrily asked why the town had erected a tombstone over the grave of his daughter. It seems he had not been on speaking terms with the girl and when she died had decided not to put a stone on her grave. But, he said, if anybody was going to put up a stone, he, as the father, certainly should have that right.

In a sense, the problems of little Cossato are the problems of all Italy. Pierino doesn't profess to know all the answers, but he has some ideas. "We want to see Italy reconstructed, physically and economically," he said, "but not for the benefit of the industrialists and the rich who supported Mussolini. This time Italy must be rebuilt for the people. It is the people who have suffered and who will do the reconstruction.

"We don't want a revolution or civil war; we will do everything possible to avoid them. We expect to achieve a democratic Italy by means of free elections. We are tired of fighting, but if the fascists ever attempt an armed opposition to the people, the people will not allow it. We neither want, nor can stand, a repetition of the last 25 years of misery."

Pierino is bitter about the Nazis, but doesn't want German labor gangs in Italy. Italy, he says, has seen too much of the Germans. He doesn't think the Germans should be starved, or that any thought of vengeance should enter into Allied treatment of them. The Germans must be allowed to work and live, he says, but German industry and education must be taken over, so that Nazism will never have a chance to start up again.

The Mayor of Cossato, although grateful to the Allies for liberating Italy from fascism, thinks the best service we could do the Italians now would be to get out of Italy.

"Italy must help its poor people, and at the same time rebuild the many cities and villages that have been damaged by war," he said. "For this we need a Government building program, and raw materials." Pierino stopped and shrugged his thin shoulders.

"That takes money," he went on, "and the Government has none. The only people with money are those who made it under Mussolini. Since the money must be had, these people must either make a gift of it to the Government—which they won't do—or be taxed. If everybody in Italy were taxed a fair percentage of his money, we would have the funds. The raw materials will have to come from outside Italy.

"But the Allies will not allow a tax until an election is held. This is only just. So far, the Allies have postponed the elections. This is done for reasons they know best, but those who were the 'big people' under fascism are taking advantage of the delay to spread lies. These 'big people' hope to split the people and spread chaos. In this way they hope either to win the elections or, if the elections are postponed long enough, to create minor disturbances. In the event of disturbances they will say to the Allies, 'Italy cannot govern itself. You step in and run things.'

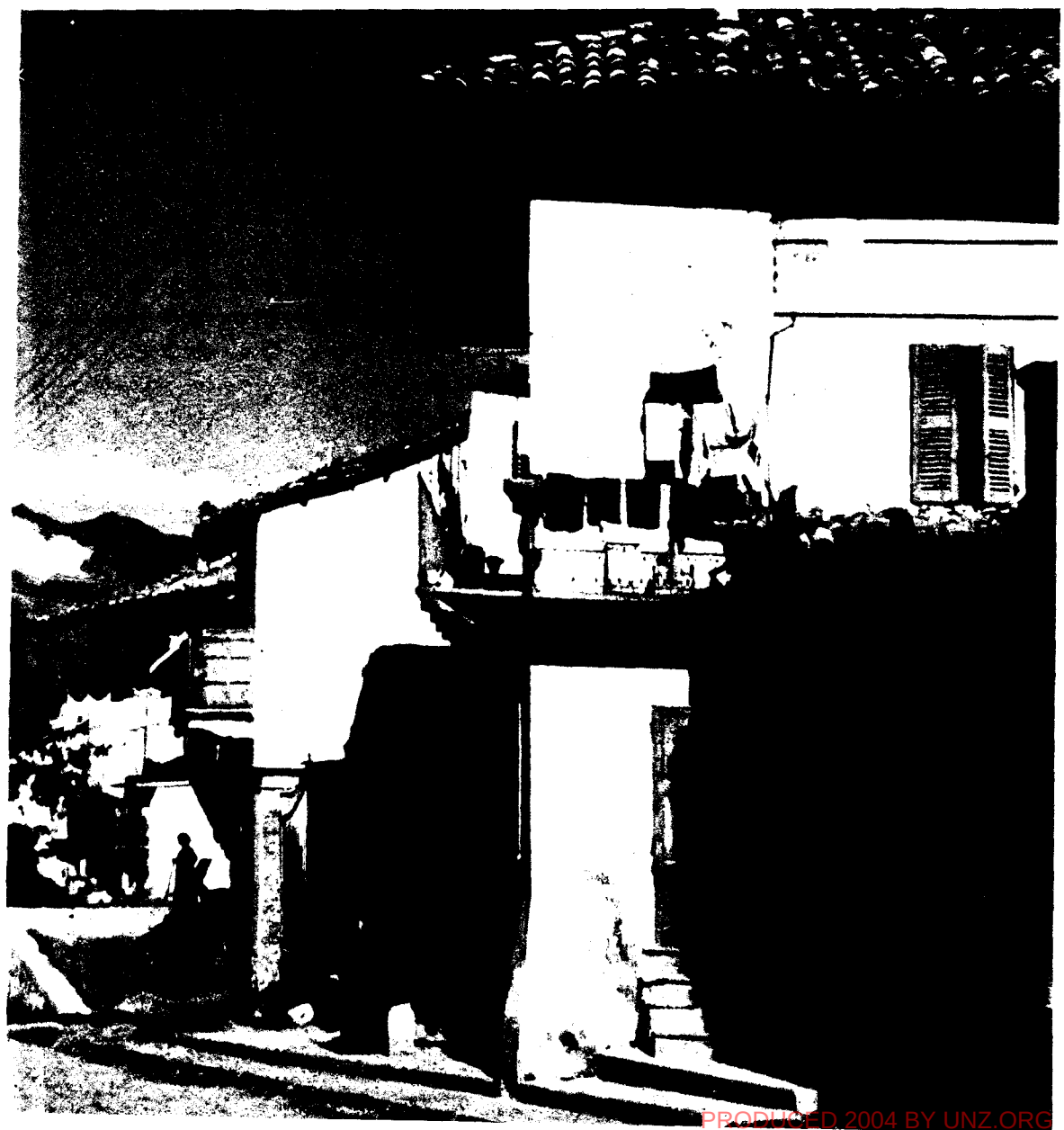
"Italy can govern itself. Italians can have a free, democratic country, to which Americans will never have to return as soldiers. But we must start now."

Cossato is a friendly town. Nobody begs, the kids are clean and polite, you don't see any sores or scabbies. The houses are old but sturdy, and around each house there are trees with big pears, peaches and apples. There are fields of corn, and in some barns there are chickens and rabbits and sometimes a cow. Not far away, in little valleys between the hills, stand the mills. At a glance Cossato seems the happy blend of farm and factory life. But unless those mills start working, unless the people get more food and clothing, Cossato will be in a bad way.

Unlike some of the war-weary people of other parts of Italy, the people here have plenty of spirit. They have a sense of humor, too. One man, on smoking his first American cigarette, said, "That damn fool, Mussolini—he had to make war on cigarettes like these!"

Now that peace is here, Cossato is trying hard to get a decent way of living. It's a slow, hard job, but the thin, serious-faced little landscape gardener, Pierino Angiono, Mayor of Cossato, is putting his heart into it.

In Pierino Angiono, former Partisan fighter, the people of the little town of Cossato have one of themselves to lead them through the problems facing all Italy today. He finds it a slow, hard job.



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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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CENTRAL PACIFIC, Sgt. Harry Tomlinson, DEML; Sgt. Bill Reed, Inf.; Sgt. Ted Burrows, DEML.

MARIANAS, Sgt. James Goble, Armd.; Mason Pawlak CPhoM, USNR; Vernon H. Roberts PhoM3c, USNR.

RYUKYUS, Sgt. Paul Showers, AAF.

FRANCE, Sgt. Georg Meyers, AAF; Sgt. Pat Coffey, AAF; Sgt. William Frazer, AAF; Cpl. Howard Katzander, CA; Cpl. Marvin Sleeper, DEML; Cpl. David Whitcomb, AAF; Pvt. David Berger, Engr.

BRITAIN, Sgt. Durbin L. Horner, CA; Sgt. Earl Anderson, AAF; Sgt. Edmund Antrobus, Inf.; Sgt. Frank Brandt, Med.; Sgt. Francis Burke, AAF; Sgt. James Dugan, DEML; Sgt. Rudolph Sanford, AAF.

ITALY, Sgt. Donald Breimhurst, AAF; Sgt. Nelson Gruppe, Engr.; Sgt. Dan Peltier, AAF; Sgt. Dave Shaw, Inf.; Sgt. Len Zinberg, AAF; Cpl. Ira Freeman, Cav.

INDIA-BURMA and CHINA, Sgt. John Bivy, Inf.; Sgt. Jud Cook, DEML.

ALASKA, Sgt. Tom Sheehan, FA; Sgt. Al Weisman, DEML.

AFRICA-MIDDLE EAST-PERSIAN GULF, Sgt. Richard Paul, DEML; Sgt. Peter Forstenzer, DEML; Cpl. Ray McGovern, Inf.

ICELAND, Sgt. Gordon Farrel, AAF.

■

Commanding Officer, Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Executive Officer, Lt. Col. Jack W. Weeks.

Business Manager, Maj. Gerald J. Rock.

OVERSEAS BUREAU OFFICERS, France, Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt; Capt. H. Stanley Thompson and Capt. Jack Silverstein, assistants; Britain, Maj. Harry R. Roberts; Philippines, Lt. Col. Jesua Eppinger Jr.; Japan, Maj. Lewis Gillenson; Central South Pacific, Maj. Henry E. Johnson; Marianas, Maj. Justus J. Craemer, Capt. Knowlton Ames, assistant; Ryukyus, Capt. Merle P. Millham; Italy, Capt. Howard Carswell; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Alaska, Capt. Gray E. Clay Jr.; Panama, Capt. Charles H. E. Stubblefield; Africa-Middle East-Persian Gulf, Maj. Frank Gladstone.

This Week's Cover

FOUR of the GI atom-bomb workers at Oak Ridge, Tenn., take things easy at their area PX. They are (left to right) T-4 Tilden Batchelder, T-4 Dan Simon, T-5 Lester Bartron and T-5 William Lake. See pages 2-5 for more photographs by YANK's Sgt. Dick Hanley and the story of this Oak Ridge detail.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 2 through 5—Sgt. Hanley. 6—Acme. 8 & 9—Acme. 12—Upper right, Sig. Corps; rest, Acme. 13—Upper left and right, Sig. Corps; center, Wide World; rest, Acme. 16 & 17—Sgt. Nelson Gruppe. 20—RKO-Radio. 21—U. S. Navy. 22—Sgt. Pat Coffey. 23—PA.

Forgotten by the Brass

Dear YANK:

Our organization has been on the Stilwell Road for more than two years, and much of that time was spent driving the point through swamps and jungles. At times it was necessary to air-drop food, fuel and medical supplies, especially when we opened the trail from Warazup to Mogaung and Myitkyina to enable tanks to reach the fighting front. Adverse weather and living conditions exposed the men to sickness and injuries. Some of them will be handicapped for life. The mission completed, there was much fanfare and ballyhoo and pictures were flashed the world over.

Then came the recommendations for awards to the real heroes of the struggle. These recommendations were submitted prior to VE-Day and that extra five points could have been used to good advantage by many men who missed rotation by one month.

The brass who were familiar with our achievements jumped a plane for Shangri-La without giving favorable consideration to these recommendations, and consequently an unfavorable indorsement from next-highest Headquarters, dated 22 August 1945, was received, stating that three officers familiar with the facts should approve and add more pertinent data. Road Headquarters was disbanded 1 July 1945 and there is no one to help these men receive their just awards.

If the paper weights have too much work to attend to such matters, they should go on 24-hour operations, as the engineer units did while building the road. The brass made sure their awards came through and they ranged from Distinguished Service Medals down, but the men—ah, why do they need a medal?

Please excuse my nosing in on the GIs' publication, but it's the only way I know to put across this point. The awards should be given consideration, but we are hog-tied. As I have a little tin on my shoulders, it is requested that the name be withheld if my gripe finds its way into your publication.

Burma, India —(Officer's Name Withheld)

Discharge Clothes

Dear YANK:

Everyone is raving about doing things for the boys who are returning to civilian life, yet the War Department seems to persist in doing the opposite.

The discharged men have to turn in all of their clothing, some of which would be useful to them, especially fellows like myself who either sold or outgrew the clothes they had. I don't know about other posts, but at Fort Lewis, the men can keep one sun-tan outfit, one OD outfit, including blouse, and a choice of raincoat or overcoat.

To me, the blouse is useless and I don't care if I never see it again. The ODs are in the same class. The sun-tans and field jackets are things most of us can use at any time, being well made and adaptable to civilian life.

How about a campaign to let discharged men keep what clothes they have and only turn in what each individual wants to get rid of?

—T/5 WILLIAM VANDERCLOCK

Ft. Lewis, Wash.

Postwar Courses

Dear YANK:

As it stands, the GI Bill of Rights offers splendid educational opportunities for those in a position to take advantage of it. However, many of us will be unable to continue formal education for such legitimate reasons as going businesses, age, dependency, obligations, etc.

Why not extend Armed Forces Institute privileges on a cost basis to the veteran who cannot or chooses not to go back to college?

Iwo Jima —S/Sgt. B. W. FARRELL

GI Wolves

Dear YANK:

I am indignant!

No woman will want to marry a GI that returns from occupying either Germany or Japan if you keep writing the tripe that you do about fraternization of our troops with the women of those countries.

The "cute" way that you present the goings-on of our men infers that all of them are merely interested in the sexual pleasure of occupation—not in seeing that the machines of war are destroyed and that Japs or Germans conform to our rules and regulations. You make all American men appear as a personification of Sansone's clever but repulsive and unscrupulous "Wolf."

I believe the American doughboy is quite the "lady killer," but why encourage him to be immoral with stories of how to conduct himself around Geisha girls and frauleins to obtain the desired results?

What decent American woman will want to marry a GI who—just because the "big boys" do, and think it is smart—thinks so little of himself that he enters into "romances" with women he would be ashamed to walk down Main Street with if he were home?

Why not soft-pedal such conduct, and interest our men in more worthy and important things?

Camp Robinson, Ark. —T-5 RUTH BEAL

Military Courts

Dear YANK:

I should like to suggest some changes in the Articles of War and other punitive military regulations which are required for the protection of enlisted men against unfair or arbitrary actions of officers. Some of the more obvious amendments should be the following:

1) EM shall be tried by a court consisting of EM only. At the least, a mixed court of officers and enlisted men should sit in such cases.

2) No officer on the command staff of a base or other station shall sit on a court martial.

3) No officer connected in any way whatsoever with the bringing of charges or preparation of the charge sheet shall act as a summary court to try men.

4) Rights of military personnel shall be fully explained to them in each reading of the Articles of War. AW 17 (accused's right to counsel of his own s lection), AW 24 (privilege against se incrimination), AWs 69 and 70 (limit tions upon arrest and confinement a rapid action upon charges), AW 1 (limited disciplinary powers of C and AW 121 (right to complain of grie ances directly to Commanding Gener shall be required to be read and fu explained.

5) No man shall be reduced in ra by administrative action without havi first been fully informed of the charg against him and having been given t opportunity to defend himself. In vidual counsel familiar with milita rules and regulations shall be availat to represent such men.

I regret that there is insufficie space in a letter to elaborate on the points. Nevertheless these amendme should provide some basis for an ev break for the enlisted man.

India —Cpl. HERBERT ROBINSC

Unit Citation

Dear YANK:

The men here in the Air Transpo Command would like to know what takes to earn a Unit Citation. Duri the Okinawa campaign we were flyi supplies to the men of the Tenth Arm as fast as they were using them. times we were only one plane-load mortar shells ahead of them, and th were using a hell of a lot of mort shells. During a one-month period the campaign, the base units along t line evacuated more than 2,000 wound men, the all-time record for air evacu tion in this war. When the campai was over, a lot of brass did a lot talking, but that is as far as it ev got. Our work was soon forgotten.

On this same island is a B-29 out that got a Unit Citation for the fi low-level bombing of Japan. Many us in the ground crews of the A Transport Command are personally a quainted with some of the men of t ground crews of that outfit, having go to technical schools with them two three years ago. Though we have be overseas from six months to a ye more than many of them, we are n fortunate enough to sport battle sta for our work, as they are, and ma of them have three or four battle sta to their credit, in addition to the Ur Citation. We are doing exactly the san jobs as they are, but on a different ty of aircraft. We, of course, want to s them get full credit for their work, b because ours is considered a "non-con batant" outfit we are left out in the co when it comes to passing out the fru salad.

Many of the men in this base un were here when this was considered

"Here's the major's plan: we break out through Waukegan, fan out all ove the Middle West, and blanket the area with Squeegie Mops!" —Sgt. Tom Flannery

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etty "hot" rock, and they set up the cilities that enabled the men in the ombat" outfits to be flown in so they uld begin operations. We realize that e Air Transport Command is consided a bastard cousin of the Air Forces, it why must it be that way? We think e are the forgotten men of the Air orces and we wonder why.

vom —Pfc. HAROLD A. STEVENS

learer Home

ear YANK:

There are a number of boys from awaii who are stationed in the States. ow that it is all over why not transr these men to duty in the Hawaiian lands? Such a deal would release

any Stateside boys who are stationed Hawaii and who are just as eager s we are to be stationed closer to ome.

While the boys from the States were etting their regular semi-annual furough home we were receiving TS slips ecause of the distance to our homes. ut that's water under the bridge.

This Kanaka is getting a little homeck for Waikiki Beach and the hula als.

—Cpl. RICHARD MATSUDA

amp Fannin, Tex.

nflation

ear YANK:

I am the wife of a sergeant who has ad the extreme good fortune to be ationed in the United States during e entire course of this war.

As a result, we have been together nd have lived, for the most part, as vilians. Therefore, we have had acess to—in fact, could hardly avoid—e many articles, advertisements, edirials, etc., on the subject of inflation. Ve're scared to death of it and have operated with every Government step hich affects us to avoid it.

We were a little taken back when lking to a Combat Infantryman back om Germany to learn that the OPA eant nothing more to him than some overnment agency that tried to interre with people's personal business ansactions.

He, on his part, was floored when we old him we had refused an offer of 1,000 cash for our '38 Buick sedan. Why should the OPA need to know nything about it?" says he.

Since then, we've had our ears ined to similar sentiment among other eturnees. My husband is stationed at a lace where he has frequent contact ith veterans of all theaters of operaon.

These men, unless old enough to reemember what happened after the last ar, are in almost complete ignorance f what inflation is and what brings it bout.

A great many of these same men have aved a lot of money during the war. Iow they want to get rid of it fast. Cars re only the beginning of a long list f expensive and often completely unecessary purchases.

We read YANK straight through every veek. The articles on life in the U.S.A. re most interesting. Wouldn't one on nflation fit us there? But truly, we vouldn't care if you put it with the Sad Sack, just so these GIs see and absorb it.

Washington —A GI WIFE

■ The danger of inflated post-war prices, as seen by some Government officials, was discussed in a recent YANK article called "Preview U.S.A."

Hitting the Sack

Dear YANK:

Give Sad Sack some extra points for his faithful service and turn him loose n civilian pastures.

Most men in the Army are overseas r have been. A good many have seen quite a bit of combat. And even more have been plugging away at some damn ough jobs. No soldier wants to see himself idealized into a Katzenjammer character whose favorite stunt is a pratt-fall. That was OK when post MPs, the rigors of KP, first sergeants and close-order drill made humorous material. Soldiers look, act and think more like Mauldin's Joe & Willie than Mickey Mouse. If the Sack doesn't stop being one some day, he'll be arrested for attempting to impersonate a soldier.

Sioux Falls, S. D. —1st Lt. M. S. HEYMAN

Combat Training

Dear YANK:

We have finished our 17 weeks of basic training. Good enough, we didn't mind that at all. Then they send us down here for this so-called "advanced training." It's the same that we had in our first 17 weeks. Why do we have to take it over again? We want to go overseas and take the place of some of the men that have been over so long, or else get out and go back to school.

—Pvt. LEONIDIS C. MIXON*

Camp Livingston, La.

*Also signed by two others.

SHORT MEMORIES & NICE PEOPLE

IN 1935, in the period of comparative quiet between World War I and World War II, an advertisement appeared. Its illustration was a wounded, disabled veteran. Its caption was "Hello, Sucker."

The text of the advertisement went on to explain the shocking waste of World War I and how little all the struggle had accomplished in spite of the high ideals of the cheering section. "Hello, Sucker" seemed a brutal thing to say, but when you got through reading the ad, and thinking about it, the tag seemed quite appropriate.

There is a danger that the double of that advertisement might appear in 1962 to be just as true of World War II. It is a danger that is being spotlighted increasingly every day in newspaper reports and word-of-mouth stories from Germany and Japan. It is a danger we can avert only if all of us—the soldiers of this war and no less the officers—wise up and wise up quickly.

The reports from Germany, in a paper as unsensational and correct as the New York *Times*, tell of incidents like this:

> An American general (later kicked backstairs) stated that 95 per cent of the members of the Nazi Party were forced into the party against their will.
>
> An American major in Munich said that he didn't believe all those stories about atrocities in the nearby concentration camp at Dachau.
>
> U. S. enlisted men have decided that the cleanliness and friendliness and efficient plumbing of the Germans are irrefutable evidence that the Germans are nicer people, "more like us" than the Frogs or even the Limeys.

An enlisted man just back from Japan, a GI who had pretty strong feelings about the importance of the war, reports the following disillusionment:

> Many GIs, even GIs who had fought from Guadal on, are quick to forget their dead, and why their dead died, in the face of Japanese correctness and cooperation in surrender, and the pretty faces of Jap girls.
>
> A feeling is growing up that the Japs are a fairly decent, efficient and Westernized people for the Orient, probably much nicer and more like us than the Slopeheads.

It begins to look as if "Hello, Sucker" is a label quite a few of us could wear already.

There are things we are forgetting, things we will have to remember if that label is not to be stamped indelibly on all of us. Gen. Eisenhower, for one, has recognized the danger in his repeated directives to his subordinates in military government, reminding them of the terms under which Germany surrendered and of our obligations as victors to the ideals for which we fought.

We must remember that the general who analyzed Nazi percentages, although a good general in war, evidently never studied his history lessons beyond the military sections and that, whatever he may think, it did take millions of *willing* Nazis to arm Germany for war—millions of *willing* Nazis to inflict, in that war, 700,000 casualties on American troops. And it is frivolous and dangerous for anyone of any rank to compare the political tactics of these Nazis to a Democrat-Republican squabble back in the U. S.

We must remember that the major in Munich was lazy physically as well as mentally: it would have taken him only a short ride to visit Dachau and to see, by evidence still available, that the atrocities there were no pipe dream. Or he could have asked the GIs who first liberated Dachau. After they had puked a few times, their only impulse was to slug any German who had anything to do with the Nazi Party.

The GIs who think cockeyed and rosy thoughts about the Germans are not a majority and may not even be entirely to blame for their own thinking. If their leaders are sometimes confused and contradictory, it is difficult to blame the men. Rules laid down to insure a hard and just peace are often broken by the very officers supposed to enforce them.

If soldiers have forgotten the reasons for this war, they must be reminded of them. If they fought only in the sudden hate of battle, they must remember that the ending of that hate does not mean a complete turnabout, an excusing and apologizing to their late enemies. Fraternization is natural, but it is possible for an American soldier to fraternize without being played for a sucker, to mingle with Germans without swallowing all their opinions, to treat Germans as human beings without treating them as unfairly beaten supermen.

A concentration camp cancels a clean bathroom, and attempted mass extermination of a race overbalances a sunny disposition. The Nazis had been living on the loot of a continent for years, while the Frogs and Limeys were nursing their wounds and living on not much more than the hope of making that continent free again.

The GIs in Japan who are misguided about the Japs present the same problem as the misguided GIs in Germany. They, too, must wise up. They must learn that we need more insurance than an explosion in New Mexico to save our children for peace. Perhaps they may remember friends who died and how they died and friends who were captured and how they were treated.

We must remember, for those who cannot or will not remember, that the pleasant Westernization of the Japs was a meaningless veneer on an old and cruel and internationally unmoral state. The cute tricks the Jap learned from the West, brewed in his undeveloped, not-yet-ready mind, exploded before Pearl Harbor in Manchuria and China and will explode again unless some drastic changes are made in Japan's attitude toward the rest of the world. The Jap is going to be even harder to re-educate than ourselves.

WE must remember all these things not just on Memorial Day or on Sundays, but all the time. Unless we remember them, unless we are prepared to work for peace as hard as we worked for war, the "Sucker" sign is going to be back.

We don't have to be brutal conquerors, but we do have to avoid a sentimental good fellowship with the people who started World War II. There will be time for that when they have proved their worthiness and, for most of them, the proving will take some time. We do not need to, we must not "compromise with the devil."

Because if ever people can point at us again and say with justice, "Hello, Sucker," it will be our own fault. Our own bloody fault.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of YANK, The Army Weekly, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1945.

State of New York }
County of New York }

Before me, a Summary Court officer, U. S. Army, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Col. Franklin S. Forsberg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Officer in Charge of YANK, The Army Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, YANK, The Army Weekly, Information & Education Division, War Department, Special Staff, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., Business Manager, Maj. Gerald J. Rock, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) War Department, U. S. Government, Washington, D. C., Col. Franklin S. Forsberg, Officer in Charge.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

FRANKLIN S. FORSBERG, Col., A.U.S.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1945.

[SEAL] WILLIAM F. POLK, Major, Inf.

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Will sailors wear this in 1946?

Navy Notes

FAREWELL TO BELL BOTTOMS

By DONALD NUGENT Sp(X)3c
YANK Navy Editor

THE bell bottoms on regular-issue Navy trousers are too slight to be noticeable. But the phrase "bell-bottom trousers" persists in songs and newspaper headlines as a symbol of the sailor's whole uniform.

The latest word on the bell bottoms is that they will be discontinued as soon as the present supply is exhausted. Samples and plates of a new uniform are being sent to the fleet commanders for approval. Just when it actually will be issued has not yet been announced, but presumably it will be too late to affect the appearance and comfort of millions of present-day sailors who will not be part of the postwar Navy.

In the new uniform, says the Navy, "tight pants and middy blouses are going into the ashcan." Probably with them will go the term "bell bottom."

So will end an era of over 100 years that has seen no major change in the uniform of the Navy enlisted man—an era in which nearly everything else in the Navy has been changed.

Six months ago, the *Pelican*, newspaper of the New Orleans Naval Repair Base, suggested a new uniform along the lines of the battle jacket and fore-and-aft pants. YANK's Navy Department passed the suggestion on to its readers, with drawings, and asked for opinions. After a few thousand opinions arrived, YANK altered the drawings according to suggestions received and published the results. Before the correspondence had ceased, over 7,000 Navy men had written in, about 90 percent highly desirous of a change. Most were in favor of the battle jacket. All wanted a serge or other harder material—even the 10 percent who liked the present uniform.

The pictures on this page represent the uniform as it has developed over the years, and also show the uniform proposed by the *Pelican* and altered by the suggestions of YANK Navy readers.

Probably the first reference in history to a naval uniform came at the time of the Roman invasion, when the term "uniform of the day" was originated. The Veneti put to sea from the Loire River in speedy longboats. Their sails and their uniforms were colored light blue, but the object was to camouflage themselves against a light blue sky rather than to establish a regulation uniform.

Before the American Revolution, even the British had no naval uniform. The French were reported to have had uniforms, which caused considerable agitation in the British Admiralty. Most of the British officers bitterly opposed the idea on the grounds that it was a gentleman's privilege to select his own suit and not be required to wear the "yoke of a livery" or look like "lackeys and equerries."

These officers met regularly in Will's Coffee House, Scotland Yard, and in 1754 they passed a resolution that a uniform dress would be useful and necessary for commissioned officers. They then resolved that a committee be appointed to wait upon the Duke of Bedford and the Admiralty and, if their Lordships approved, to introduce the proposal to His Majesty, George II. Many protested the resolution. They wanted the proposed uniform to be used only on State occasions.

Designs and colors were discussed at length. Scarlet and blue, as worn by the Army, were favored by most of the officers. But Bedford told them that the king had been taken with the Duchess of Bedford's riding habit, which was blue faced with white, and had then and there appointed blue and white the colors for the Navy.

The first British uniform was ordered by the Admiralty in 1748 for flag officers, captains, masters and lieutenants. It was immediately extended to midshipmen "to distinguish their class to be in the rank of gentleman." A uniform for the crew was not designed until 1857. The American Navy had a seaman's uniform as early as 1830.

CLOTHING was issued to the crews of British ships in the 17th century by the Crown. The object was not, however, to create a uniform appearance but "to avoid nastie beastliness by diseases and unwholesome ill smells in the ship." It was up to the captain to order any clothing he saw fit. Otherwise the men bought their own. An ad in a newspaper of the time read:

> MORGAN—MERCER AND SEA DRAPER.
> No. 85. opposite the Fountain Inn, High Street.
> Sailors rigged compleat from stem to stern; viz.: chapeau, napeau, flying jib and flesh bag, inner pea, outer pea and cold defender. Rudder case and service to the same: up-haulers, down-traders, fore-shoes, lacings, gaskets, etc.

In the United States, after the Revolutionary War, the Marine Committee resolved a red-and-gold uniform for naval officers that was so magnificent it was seldom worn. U. S. skippers were a hardy lot. They disliked such frippery.

When Capt. Stephen Decatur, commanding the American frigate *United States*, captured the British frigate *Macedonian*, he was wearing an old straw hat and a plain suit of clothes which made him look more like a farmer than a naval hero. But when the crew returned to New York and the city divided $50,000 among them as a prize, newspaper accounts said that many of them were buying new uniforms consisting of blue jackets, red waistcoats, black neckerchiefs, glazed hats and blue trousers.

In the famous battle between the American *Bonhomme Richard* and the British *Serapis*, the crew of American skipper John Paul Jones' ship consisted of a motley assortment of some 20 nationalities wearing as many different kinds of clothes.

During the early years of the U. S. Navy the uniform of crews seems to have been a rather uncertain thing. But by 1841 it had become standardized into the form which it has kept, with minor variations, for a hundred years.

The 1841 general order for the uniform for petty officers, firemen, coal-heavers, seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen and boys called for a blue jacket with white-duck cuffs and white-duck collar, and blue trousers, with trap door, for winter; a white jacket with blue-cotton collar and cuffs, and white trousers for summer. The hat was the blue, flat type, smaller than now and with the ribbon of the bow hanging down to the shoulder. Aside from the white collar and cuffs, the 1841 uniform resembled the present one more than those of later years. The most noticeable difference was that jumpers were tucked inside the trousers and neckerchiefs were loosely rolled and spread all over. It became customary only recently to press them.

Hair, beard and whiskers were also included in the 1841 order. The hair and beard were to be kept short. The whiskers should not descend more than two inches below the tip of the ear and thence in a line toward the corners of the mouth. Mustaches and Imperials could not be worn on any pretext whatever.

THE name of the ship, lettered in gold on the flat-hat ribbon, appeared around 1869. So did the stripes around the cuff. Landsmen, coal-heavers and boys wore one stripe; ordinary seamen and second class firemen, two stripes; seamen, three stripes; petty officers, four stripes. Designating letters were worn on the lower sleeve: "A" for apprentices, "W" for ship's writers and "S" for ship's schoolmasters. Watch stripes were worn one inch below the shoulder seam—one stripe for the first section of the watch and two stripes for the second section—on the right sleeve for the starboard and left for port.

By 1905 the jumper was bloused and tied at the bottom, and was spacious enough to carry a litter of pups. The flat hat was almost wide enough to require removal before passing through a small port. The dress blues were not altered again until 1927, when they were made more form-fitting. The collar, so large that it extended a bit beyond the shoulders, was decreased to its present size. In the last few years the jumper was cut short and hemmed, instead of being bloused and tied with a drawstring.

There are always those who cry out at the suggestion of change, especially in anything so inviolable as a military uniform which may be called picturesque. The British Navy attempted some reforms in 1921 which brought one Col. Barwell of the Army to full cry. "The uniforms of both the Army and the Navy are again the subject of reform, not to say of interference," exclaimed the colonel. "I notice the most picturesque costume of the Navy is to be done away with and the least picturesque one is to be retained."

Now the New York *Times*, somewhat unhappily, calls it heresy to change from bell-bottom pants and 13 buttons. The *Times* asks whether any one ever wrote a song about straight-hanging trousers, declares that it favors flowing beards and shoulder-length haircuts and chides the admirals for their betrayal of the gallant and picturesque.

But most of those who have written their opinions to YANK are willing to forego the songs and the tradition and the beards. They would rather have a few pockets and some breathing space.

AMONG the many prospects in the long-ago search for Scarlett O'Hara was a Southern belle from Brooklyn named Edythe Marrener Barker. She didn't make the GWTW cast, but she did stay in Hollywood, where she managed to carve a considerable niche for her sultry self as Susan Hayward. Her latest for RKO-Radio is "Deadline At Dawn." Susan is 5 feet 3, weighs 108, has brown eyes, titian hair.

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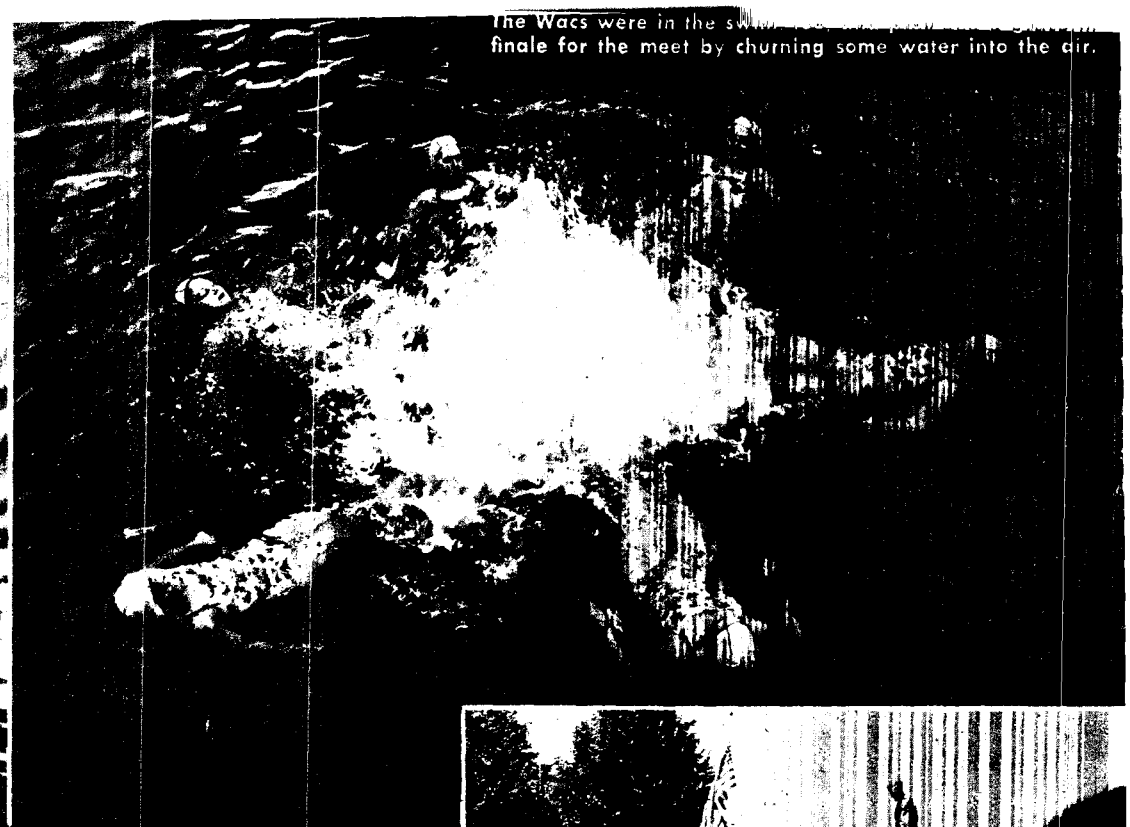
but it didn't wash out these two GI announcers.



The Wacs were in the sw[illegible] finale for the meet by churning some water into the air.

Nuremberg Swi[illegible]

[illegible] Nuremberg was [illegible] for ETO swimming [illegible] took the pictures.

The swimmers dive into the pool at the start of the 50-meter free-style race, an event won by Capt. Charles Barker.

The meet got under way after the national anthem was played. The Seventh Army beat USSTAF for the title.

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DURABLE LOUIS

By Sgt. FRANK De BLOIS

LOU ZAMPERINI

THE full story of Lou Zamperini's war with Japan probably will never be told. There were parts of it—the 47 days in an open boat, the delirium of wasting starvation and heat, the long, horror-filled months in four Jap prison camps, the sadistic genius of his captors — which he can no longer put into words because they are hidden forever behind a dull blanket of pain in his brain.

But most of the story Zamperini knows and will tell. And some of the rest of it will come out—eventually—from other sources, from some of the men who went through a part of the monstrous adventure with him, from his family, his friends, and from the Japs. And when you piece it together you may find that Zamperini's story is one of the most incredible of the entire war.

In 1936, Lou Zamperini was a schoolboy running against grown men for a place on the U. S. Olympic 4,000-meter relay team. He made the team by beating Don Lash, the Indiana state policeman who was our best distance runner in those years. In the Olympic finals—run in Germany—he finished eighth, beating Lash again, and later, in a moment of whimsey, he climbed atop a flagpole in Adolf Hitler's *Sportspalatz* and removed a swastika as a souvenir. This last bit of horseplay won him a chiding from the AAU.

After the Olympics, Zamperini came home to the U.S.A., ran some more races, including a 4:07 mile, graduated from the University of Southern California, and entered the Army. He earned his bars in 1942 and shortly thereafter shipped out to Hawaii in a B-24.

On May 27, 1943, he took off in a B-24 from Kualoa Airport on Oahu in a routine search for a B-25 reported down somewhere west of Palmyra. It took him 28 months to return from that mission.

At two o'clock that afternoon, Zamperini's plane —with crew of 10, including Lt. Russell Phillips, of Princeton, Ind., the pilot—reached the area where the B-25 had gone down. Zamperini, the navigator, told the crew to look around for the downed bomber, and then — suddenly — it happened. There was a jolt, the engines stopped and the plane nosed into the sea.

There was a soul-curdling hiss of water through the cabin and then a blast that tore the plane in half. Zamperini recovered consciousness minutes later and found himself 40 feet underwater, his body pinned beneath a machinegun mount. With one free arm he pushed the mount from him, inflated his Mae West life preserver, smashed his fist through a window, and shot through the boiling sea to the surface.

There he spotted two rafts and saw Lt. Phillips and Red McIntyre, the tail gunner, struggling in the water. Zamperini lashed the rafts together, hauled Phillips and McIntyre aboard and went to work on a great triangular cut in the pilot's head.

That's what happened during the first few moments of the 47 days Zamperini, McIntyre and Phillips were to spend at sea in an ordeal surpassing in endurance most "open boat" stories in fact or fiction.

Rations in the rafts consisted of six pounds of chocolate and enough water to last the three men two days. After that they ate nothing but two small fish they caught, the liver of a two-and-a-half-foot shark, three small birds and four albatrosses which lit on the rafts to rest. From then on they hungered, thirsted and suffered until their upper lips pressed against their noses and their lower lips were raw welts hanging slack "like the under lips of an African savage."

According to Robert Trumbull, New York *Times* reporter to whom Zamperini told his story, the three men hit upon a simple diversion to keep them sane during the 47-day ordeal.

"I made up imaginary meals which I 'cooked' and 'served' to Phillips and McIntyre three times a day," Zamperini said. "Every day I prepared a menu for each imaginary meal—breakfast, dinner, supper—describing the preparations for each ingredient. They would ask me, 'Well, what are we going to have for lunch today?' and I'd go on with the little play as if it were real. It helped to keep us cheerful."

After 20 days at sea, Phillips' head compress began to smell. Zamperini decided that this indicated maggots, so he left the bandage alone until the caked blood fell out in chunks. Then he removed the dressing. The scars were straight and thin. The wound had healed completely.

On the second day, the three men on the two rafts saw their first plane. It was a B-25, at 8,000 feet and two miles off, and it passed them without noticing the flares they sent up. The next day a Liberator flew by, directly overhead at 3,000 feet and again failed to notice the flares. On the 27th day they saw their third plane—and it saw them. It was a Jap "Betty" two-motored bomber, and it strafed them with machinegun fire. Zamperini dove overboard and fought off sharks until the Jap withdrew. The other two men—too weak to move—sprawled out on the decks as though they were dead. But the Japs didn't hit anyone.

Soon after this attack, the gunner McIntyre became delirious. Zamperini cured him for a time by threatening to report him to his "superior officer." On the 33d day, however, the gunner died and Zamperini mumbled a few prayers over his body and pushed it gently into the sea.

Life then became for the two survivors a series of hellish tortures—by the sun all day and by the blistering winds at night—as the rafts were sucked by the currents into the vicinity of the Jap-held Marshall Islands. On the 47th night their rafts bobbed corklike in a storm that drove them close to land. Through flashes of lightning, Zamperini saw a patch of green, and the following morning they found themselves in a sheltered lagoon.

"Say, Phillips," Zamperini said weakly, "it's an island."

The other man looked up and nodded. Their ordeal by open boat was over.

Meanwhile, back home in California, Zamperini's family received a telegram from the War Department informing them that their son was missing in action.

"I know he's alive," his mother said.

ZAMPERINI'S and Phillips' first contact with the Japs was a pleasant surprise. They got food. Taken ashore by a ship's captain, the skeleton-shaped fliers were given hardtack and water, their first food in eight days. Zamperini, whose weight had scaled down from 160 to 87 pounds, ate slowly.

"It's delicious," he said.

For a few days the sick, emaciated and half-starved Americans were permitted rest by the Japanese. Then they were taken to Wojte, given further treatment, and transferred to Kwajalein, where they lived for 43 days on three handfuls of rice a day. This was balled up and thrown through their bars by a guard who goaded his prisoners into scrambling about the floor of the filthy cell for the stray grains of rice on which they nursed their exhausted bodies back to health.

Sometimes the guards would enter their cells, prod them with sticks, make them sing and dance. Then, learning somehow that Zamperini was an American athlete, they bribed him with offers of food to lose a foot race to some Jap runners. And later, when Zamperini said he thought Japan would lose the war, his nose was broken by a baseball bat. Zamperini set his nose himself by holding it in place all day and most of the night for two weeks until it healed.

LIFE at Kwajalein was a sample of life at Truk, Yohohama, Amomori and Naoetsu — all of which were ports of call on Zamperini's itinerary.

At Yokohama, a Jap became peeved when Zamperini's legs wouldn't fit under the jump seat of a Chevrolet sedan—and smacked him across the nose six times with a flashlight.

"My nose bled," said Zamperini. "But it didn't break again."

Later he made a radio broadcast back home. It was picked up in the U. S., but his survival was held so unlikely by the War Department that a wire was sent to his family, informing them that Zamperini was dead.

"No," his mother said. "I know he's alive."

At Amomori, meanwhile, Zamperini had met "The Bird," a frog-headed sadist who forced American prisoners to do push-ups a-straddle dung-filled slit trenches until they collapsed from exhaustion.

"Once," Zamperini told Trumbull, " 'The Bird' filled a tub with hot water and told me he would drown me before morning. Then he changed his mind and beat me around the head until my ears bled instead."

"The Bird" followed Zamperini to Naoetsu, the bug-alive boghole that was to be his last "home" in Japan. There "The Bird" lined up all the American officers and forced American enlisted men to slug them until they dropped. "The Bird" hated officers.

Zamperini was still at Naoetsu when the Japs surrendered. But "The Bird" had flown and the other Jap guards had overnight become fawning and solicitous.

Outwardly, Zamperini seemed little the worse for 47 days at sea in an open boat and 26 months of starvation, exposure, thirst and torture. He had even gained 50 pounds since his imprisonment. But inwardly, he was far the worse for it.

"If I had to go through with it again," he told Trumbull, "I'd kill myself."

Back home in California, his family got the news. Their son — the schoolboy runner, the Olympic star, the flier, their son—was safe.

"I always knew he was alive," his mother said simply.

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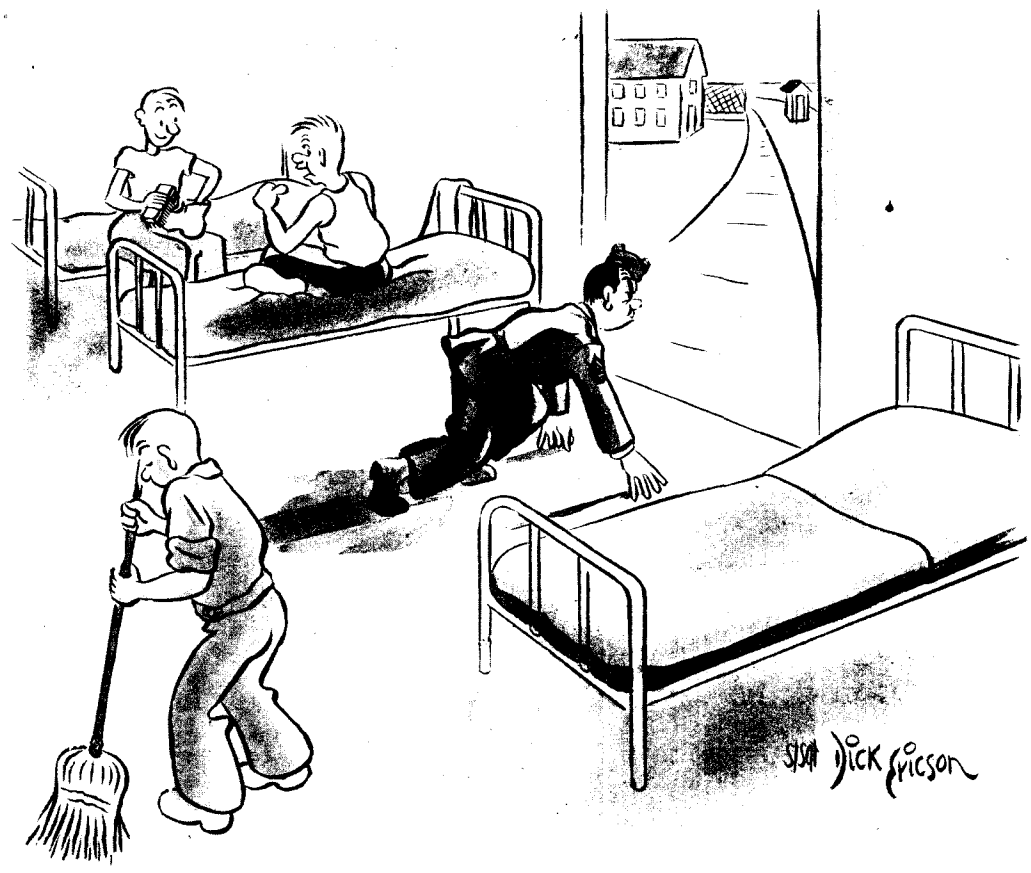

"HE'S WAITING FOR THE POINTS TO GET DOWN TO 50."
—S/Sgt. Dick Ericson

"JUST WHAT CROPS DO YOU PLAN TO HARVEST IN THE BRONX?"
—T-5 Jon Kennedy

YANK

"WITH THE WAR OVER, SIR, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO TRY ON YOUR OLD UNIFORM."
—Pfc. Irwin Touster

"SMEDLEY, YOU KNOW THE REGULATIONS ABOUT LIQUOR IN THE BARRACKS."
—Cpl. Robert Bugg

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